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NOVEMBER

NO. 49

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HUMAN TORCH
FLIGHT OF THE DEADLY BOOMERANG!

AS OUR STORY OPENS, WE FIND TORCH AND TORO PLAYING A FRIENDLY LITTLE GAME ONE EVENING...
I'VE LIT TWO-- COME ON, TORO!
AWW! THE PHONE'S RINGING! I COULDN'T CONCENTRATE!
I'LL GET IT---HELLO? OH YES, CHIEF-- WHAT'S UP?
THE POLICE FORCE NEEDS YOUR HELP BADLY, TORCH!
PACIFIC CRUISE STEAMSHIP COMPANY
SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING HOT!
YOU BET! THIS ONE'S A CORKER-- UNANSWERABLE! NO KIDDING!
OKAY-- WHERE ARE YOU?
ON THE 20TH FLOOR OF THE PACIFIC CRUISE BUILDING! COME RIGHT DOWN!
MINUTES LATER...
WHAT'S UP, TORCH?
I'M NOT SURE YET! BUT A JOCK JORDAN EVIDENTLY GOT HIMSELF KILLED!
PACIFIC CRU STEAMSHIP COMPANY
THEN, AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME THE CHIEF OF POLICE EXPLAINS THE BAFFLING FACTS TO TORCH!
YOU SEE, TORCH, WE FOUND JORDAN BURNED TO DEATH--- BUT, THIS IS A FIREPROOF BUILDING --METAL FURNITURE AND ONLY ONE ENTRANCE; THAT DOOR! THE SECRETARY SWEARS NO ONE CAME IN!
WELL, CERTAINLY NO ONE COULD CLIMB UP 20 FLOORS --AND THE NEAREST BUILDING IS THAT ONE ACROSS THE STREET-- A VERY WIDE STREET!
PACIFIC STEAM COMP

THE ONLY POSSIBLE SOLUTION IS THAT SOMEONE COULD HAVE HURLED A FLAMING OBJECT INTO THIS ROOM FROM ACROSS THE STREET!
BUT, TORCH-- THERE ISN'T ANYTHING IN THE ROOM SO THAT'S OUT!
SEARCHING FOR CLUES, TORCH QUESTIONS THE DEAD MAN'S SECRETARY, JESSICA HOBBS.
JORDAN HAD NO ENEMIES THAT I KNEW OF, TORCH! WHY HE WAS ONE OF THE KINDEST MEN...
WELL, TELL US MORE ABOUT THE BUSINESS THEN!
OUR SHIPS TOOK THIS ROUTE FROM AMERICA TO AUSTRALIA -- THAT IS, UNTIL THE WAR PUT US OUT OF BUSINESS. MR. JORDAN AND I WERE JUST STRAIGHTENING EVERYTHING OUT BEFORE CLOSING FOR GOOD!
AS JANICE EXPLAINS, THE CORONER ARRIVES...
I'LL TAKE HIS BODY DOWN TO THE MORGUE FOR TESTS, CHIEF!
OKAY--LET'S ALL GET DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS! THERE'S NOTHING MORE HERE!
OHH!
MUCH LATER---
NO-- I'LL GO BACK TO THE OFFICE AND FINISH UP...
WELL, THANKS, JANICE -- I ONLY HOPE WE CAN GET A LEAD... BUT, YOU MAY AS WELL GO HOME NOW!
NO ENEMIES NO CLUES-- WELL TORCH, WHAT NEXT?
I'M STUCK! HOW ABOUT YOU, KID?
SIMPLE! IT WAS SUICIDE! HE DRANK SIX GALLONS OF GASOLINE AND--NOPE--THAT COULDN'T BE...
...HE PROBABLY ONLY HAD AN "A" CARD!
TELEPHONE DIRECTORY
OUCH!
THE CORONER ENTERS IN TIME TO HEAR TORO'S REMARK!
THAT MAY NOT BE AS FUNNY AS YOU THINK!

SURPRISING AS IT MAY SOUND, JORDAN WAS **NOT** BURNED TO DEATH! HE DIED OF POISONING!
WHAT?
HOW COME?
THE POISON AFFECTED HIM BEFORE THE FLAMES DID, THAT'S ALL!
WHAT KIND OF POISON WAS IT?
YOU'VE GOT ME THERE, SON-- BUT MY GUESS IS THAT IT TURNED JORDAN'S BLOOD INTO A HIGHLY INFLAMMABLE LIQUID!
THAT CHANGES EVERYTHING -- HE COULD HAVE BEEN POISONED ANYWHERE!
YOU'RE WRONG -- IT MUST HAVE ACTED IN A VERY FEW SECONDS!
WELL, THEN, HE COULD HAVE SET HIMSELF ON FIRE WITH THIS CIGARETTE! I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT FINDING IT BEFORE 'CAUSE, IT SEEMED SILLY TO THINK A CIGARETTE COULD BURN A MAN TO DEATH!
YOU'RE RIGHT-- HE WAS LIGHTING THIS WHEN THE POISON TOOK EFFECT! WHEN HE BEGAN TO BURN, HE THREW IT AWAY!
NOT THAT IT GETS US ANY FARTHER ALONG ON FINDING WHO DID IT-- OR WHY!
MEANTIME, JANICE HOBBS HAS BRAVELY RETURNED TO THE OFFICE... AND...
--AHH! MY NEXT VICTIM! SHE WILL MAKE A BEAUTIFUL CORPSE!
PACIFIC CRUISE STEAMSHIP COMPANY

BUT, DOWN AT HEADQUARTERS--
CERTAINLY ISN'T MUCH TO GO ON, IS THERE?
NO--HELLO! OH, MISS HOBBS-- YOU WHAT?
DO YOU HAVE MR. JORDAN'S KEYS DOWN THERE? I'M LOCKED INTO HIS OFFICE! THE WIND BLEW THE DOOR SHUT AND THE LOCK SNAPPED!
I'LL SEND SOMEONE RIGHT UP, MISS!
MISS HOBBS IS LOCKED IN UP THERE--SEND SOME-ONE, TORCH...
OH, I'LL GO MY-SELF!
HERE ARE JORDAN'S KEYS!
THANKS, KID!
WELL, LOOKS AS IF CUPID'S WORKING OVERTIME THIS TRIP--
SHH! HELLO?-- MISS HOBBS..
SOMETHING WRONG?
SOUNDS THAT WAY! I HEARD HER SCREAM-- NOW THE PHONE'S DEAD!
IT WON'T TAKE ME LONG TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED--I'LL CALL YOU BACK!
WANT ME TO COME ALONG, TORCH?
I'LL NEVER GET USED TO THAT BLASTED FLAME!

I ONLY HOPE NOTHING'S HAPPENED TO HER--WONDER WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
THANK GOODNESS, SHE'S ONLY FAINTED! HMM--SHE'S ALONE AND THE OUTER DOOR IS LOCKED FROM THE INSIDE! THIS BEGINS TO LOOK LIKE GHOST-WORK!
TORCH FLAMES OFF AND BRINGS HER TO....
ARE-ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
YES-BUT THAT HORRIBLE FACE--- AND THAT THING- OHH!
WHAT FACE?--AND WHAT THING? CAN YOU REMEMBER?
YES..SOMEONE... SOMETHING AT THAT WINDOW ACROSS THE STREET! AND THEN THAT WHIRRING THING FLASHED RIGHT AT ME! SEE? IT CUT THE PHONE WIRE!
WHAT WAS IT? A BIRD, OR...
NO--LOOK OUT! HERE IT COMES AGAIN!
TORCH QUICKLY FLAMES AND...
THIS FIREBALL SHOULD STOP IT! DUCK!
THAT FACE! I SAW IT AGAIN!
NOW--LET'S HAVE A LOOK!
WH--WHAT IS IT?
CLANK!

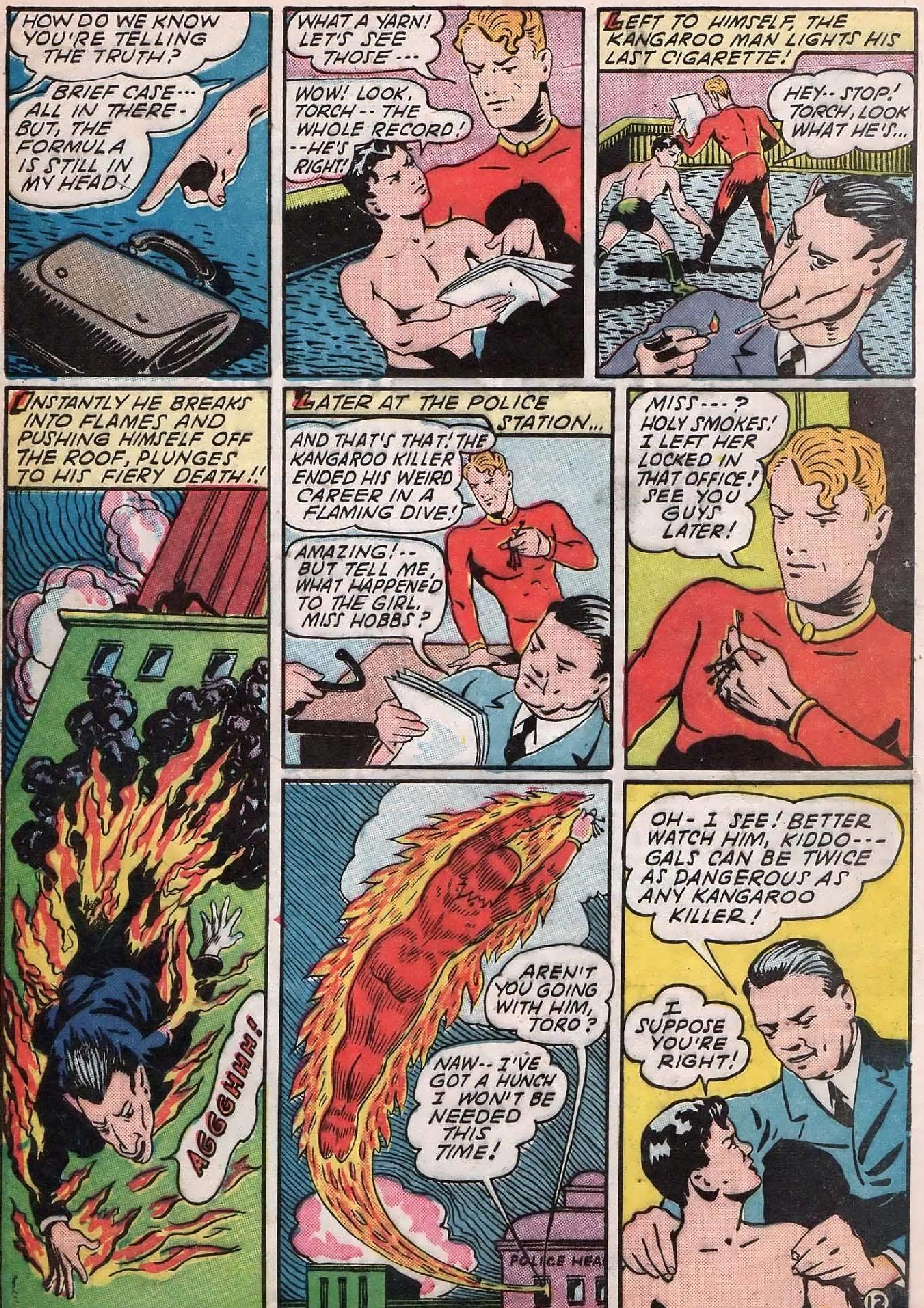
WELL! A STEEL BOOMERANG -- WITH A RAZOR SHARP EDGE! QUITE A WEAPON!
OH, TORCH -- WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
NOW TO FIND OUT ABOUT THAT FACE YOU SAW -- DON'T TOUCH BOOMERANG -- MAY BE POISONED!
I'LL WAIT FOR YOU-
TORO ARRIVES IN TIME TO SEE TORCH FLAME ACROSS THE STREET.
HEY, TORCH -- I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT NEED SOME HELP!
I MAY -- C'MON, I THINK WE'VE GOT A LEAD THIS TIME!
WE'RE LOOKING FOR A FACE JANICE SAW AT THIS WINDOW! OH- OH, RUGS -- FLAME OFF!
OH!
HURRY UP, TORO -- YOU TAKE THE LEFT ROOM, I'LL GO THROUGH TO THE RIGHT!
I'LL BREAK MY NECK FLAMING OFF LIKE THIS SOME DAY!
THE TWO SPLIT AND SEARCH- THEN ...
IT'S THE KID!
HELP! TORCH! IT'S GOT ME!
I WOULDN'T ADVISE TURNING ON YOUR FLAMES ... EITHER OF YOU!
GET THIS AWAY FROM ME!
WHAT TH-!

BETTER HOLD STILL, TORO!
VERY WISE! IT IS A COINCIDENCE I'LL ADMIT, THAT MY CREATION STOPS YOU SO APTLY! - AS WELL AS IF I HAD ESPECIALLY DESIGNED IT AGAINST THE TORCH!
WHAT'S THE GAG, TORCH?
IT'S NO GAG, KID! THAT BOOMERANG CONTAINS A CHEMICAL THAT WILL TURN YOUR BLOOD TO GASOLINE! IF YOU FLAME ON, HE'D CUT YOU AND YOU'D BLOW UP!
PRECISELY!
BUT TO DO THAT, I WOULD HAVE TO SACRIFICE MYSELF! I'M NOT THAT NOBLE! I'LL WORK IT SO THAT YOU DO THE SACRIFICING! A PRACTICE FOR FOOLS!
LOOKS AS IF WE HAVE NO CHOICE...
PERHAPS WE CAN MAKE A BARGAIN IN MY BASEMENT RETREAT! THIS PRIVATE ELEVATOR WILL TAKE US DOWN. ENTER--
TORCH ENTERS, THEN THE KANGAROO MAN PUSHES TORO IN AFTER HIM!
HE'S SHUTTING THE DOOR, TORCH!
HEY!
I'D SAY HE'S CUT THE CABLE! HANG ON, KID!
WE'RE FALLING FAST!

THE SMALL ELEVATOR CAR HURTLES DOWN -- DOWN...
WHAT WILL WE DO? I CAN HARDLY CATCH MY BREATH!
WE'LL HAVE TO ACT FAST! STAND BACK!
TORCH SWIFTLY APPLIES A THIN, HOT FLAME TO THE WALL OF THE CAR!
WHAT'S THAT FOR?
YOU'LL SEE! NOW FOR ONE ON THE OTHER SIDE!
BUT I STILL DON'T...
I'VE BENT THE METAL OUTWARDS IN FLAPS -- IF I'M RIGHT, THEY'LL ACT AS PRAGS ON THE SIDE OF THE SHAFT! HOLD TIGHT!
IT WORKS, TORCH, WE'RE SLOWING DOWN!
AS SOON AS THE ELEVATOR REACHES THE BOTTOM OF THE SHAFT...
FLAME ON, KID - WE'VE GOT TO GET UP THERE!
OOF!
WAIT'LL I GET MY FLAMES WORKING ON THAT GUY!
CAREFUL OF THOSE POISON BOOMERANGS!
THIS IS IT! CAREFUL, TORO!
RIGHT OVER THE HOME PLATE!
YOU! THIS WILL -- AGHH!

QUITE A LEAP! HE'S A KANGAROO MAN, ALL RIGHT! AFTER HIM!
HE JUMPED RIGHT OUT OF MY HANDS!
DON'T KNOCK HIM OFF. WE WANT A CONFESSION!
TRY THIS IF YOU LIKE BOOMERANGS SO MUCH!
AEII!
DUCK, TORO! QUICK!
I'M DUCKING!! PHEW!
HA! YOU WOULD LIKE TO KNOW HOW TO THROW BOOMERANGS!
BUT, THE KANGAROO MAN IS OVER-CONFIDENT--- TORO DUCKS SUCCESSFULLY AND...
UHH!
HE'S GOING OVER TORCH!
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!
I'VE GOT HIM!
WHY DID YOU STOP ME? I'M GOING TO DIE IN A FEW MINUTES ANYWAY!
SORRY, PAL, BUT WE USE A DIFFERENT SET OF RULES!

HERE'S HIS CASE TORCH!
THANKS--IS THERE AN ANTIDOTE FOR THAT POISON IN HERE, MISTER?
THERE IS NO ANTIDOTE --- I'M THROUGH --- PLEASE --- I WANT TO TALK -- EXPLAIN --
SHOOT!
THE DYING MAN TELLS HIS STORY-- "FIVE YEARS AGO, IN AUSTRALIA, I DISCOVERED HOW BLOOD COULD BE CONVERTED INTO FUEL!"
BLOOD
BLOOD
I'LL BE FAMOUS! JOCK SAYS I'M A FAILURE... WAIT TILL HE HEARS OF THIS! HAH!
JOCK JORDAN, THE MAN I KILLED WAS MY HALF-BROTHER - I WENT TO HIM AND ASKED HIM TO FINANCE FURTHER EXPERIMENTS! HE HAD MONEY, POSITION ---
WHAT HAPPENED?
"JOCK WAS SHOCKED AT THE NATURE OF MY DISCOVERY AND THREW ME OUT!"
BUT, IT WOULD TAKE HUMAN BLOOD TO DO IT?! WHY, YOU FIEND! GET OUT OF THE COUNTRY TONIGHT OR I'LL TURN YOU IN AS A MANIAC!
YOU'LL REGRET THIS, JOCK... I PROMISE YOU!
WE PARTED BITTER ENEMIES! THEN, THE WAR CAME AND THE JAPS WERE A READY MARKET FOR ME--- BUT, I MADE ONE MISTAKE!
WHAT WAS THAT?
"I HAPPENED TO MENTION THAT JOCK KNEW OF MY EXPERIMENTS!"
IT IS TOO LATE TO TURN BACK NOW-- YOU MUST KILL YOUR YOUR BROTHER FIRST! IF YOU FAIL --- WE SHALL BE FORCED TO KILL YOU!
BLOOD
BLOOD
BLOOD
I'LL DO IT!
I DID IT-- ALMOST A PERFECT CRIME! I'M GLAD, THOUGH IT ENDS THIS WAY--- I DIDN'T REALLY WANT THE JAPS TO HAVE MY FORMULA!


HOW DO WE KNOW YOU'RE TELLING THE TRUTH?
BRIEF CASE... ALL IN THERE- BUT, THE FORMULA IS STILL IN MY HEAD!
WHAT A YARN! LET'S SEE THOSE ---
WOW! LOOK, TORCH -- THE WHOLE RECORD! --HE'S RIGHT!
LEFT TO HIMSELF, THE KANGAROO MAN LIGHTS HIS LAST CIGARETTE!
HEY-- STOP! TORCH, LOOK WHAT HE'S...
INSTANTLY HE BREAKS INTO FLAMES AND PUSHING HIMSELF OFF THE ROOF, PLUNGES TO HIS FIERY DEATH!!
AGGGHHH!
LATER AT THE POLICE STATION...
AND THAT'S THAT! THE KANGAROO KILLER ENDED HIS WEIRD CAREER IN A FLAMING DIVE!
AMAZING! -- BUT TELL ME, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE GIRL, MISS HOBBS?
MISS ---? HOLY SMOKES! I LEFT HER LOCKED IN THAT OFFICE! SEE YOU GUYS LATER!
ARE'NT YOU GOING WITH HIM, TORO?
NAW-- I'VE GOT A HUNCH I WON'T BE NEEDED THIS TIME!
POLICE HEA
OH- I SEE! BETTER WATCH HIM, KIDDO--- GALS CAN BE TWICE AS DANGEROUS AS ANY KANGAROO KILLER!
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT!

SUB-MARINER
UNVEILING THE EVIL EYES OF DEATH!

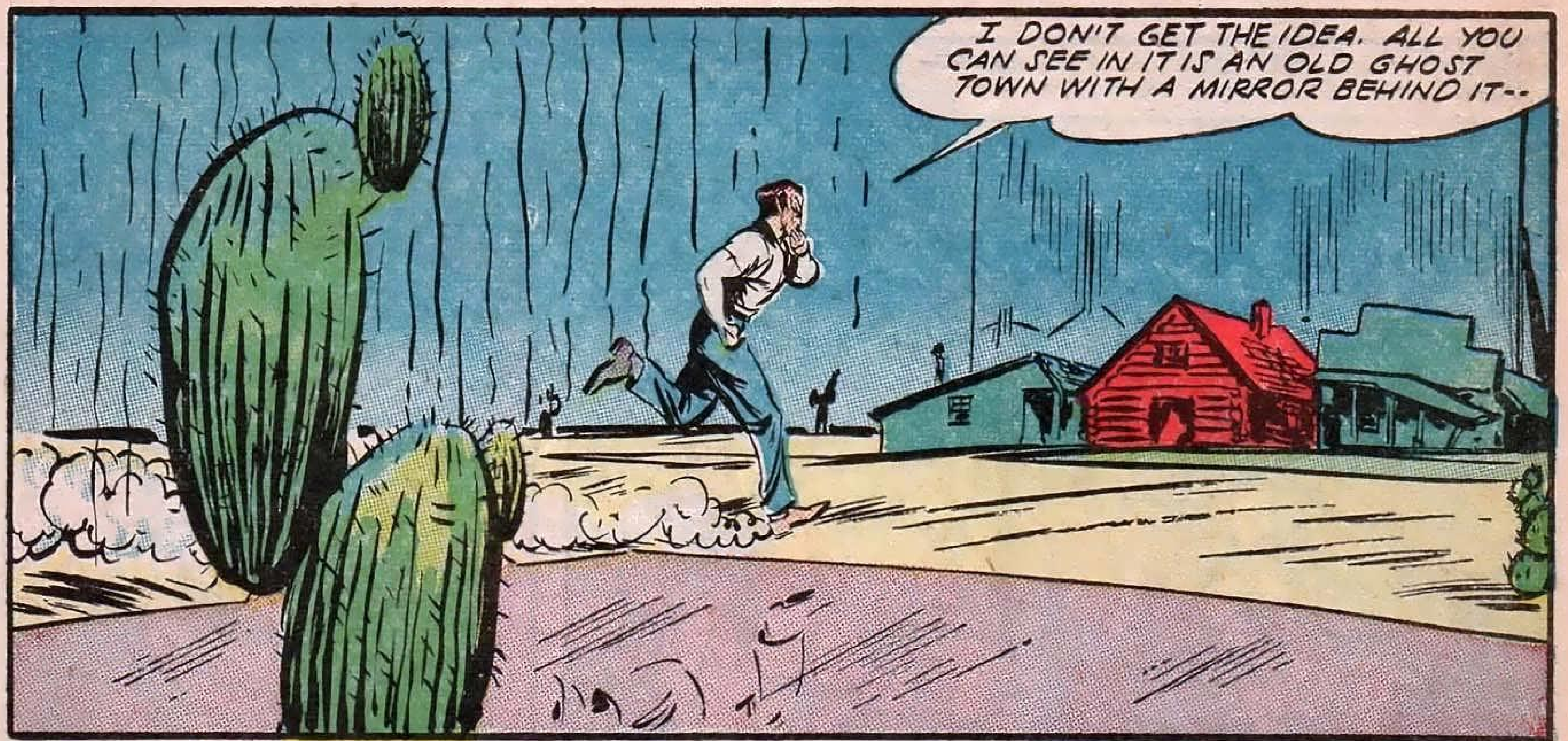
THE LAST PLACE IN THE WORLD YOU'D EXPECT TO SEE SUBMARINER --- A TOWN ON THE EDGE OF SWELTERING DEATH VALLEY!
SUFFERIN' SEA BASS--- ITS A RELIEF TO GET AWAY FROM THE OCEAN FOR A CHANGE! AND IF THERE'S ANYTHING I NEED, IT'S A GOOD LONG VACATION!
W OME HO EL NEVE OINT
A ROOM WITH A BATH, EH? SINGLE OR DOUBLE?
A SINGLE BATH, OF COURSE! WHO EVER HEARD OF A DOUBLE ONE?
REGISTRY
Bob Rodgers Jimand
Mr. Wm. Leclair Jr. Dunman
Mr. Namos Seven Oceans
SEVEN OCEANS, HUH? NEVER HEERD O'IT. MUST BE A MIGHTY SMALL PLACE!
GOTTA TAKE A BATH AND REVIVE MYSELF SOON -- I'VE BEEN OUT OF WATER NEARLY TWELVE HOURS NOW. BUT FIRST I'M GONNA TAKE A QUICK LOOK AT THIS TOWN.
HAVE MY BAGS SENT UP TO MY ROOM, SON! BE RIGHT BACK!
OUT INTO THE SUN-BAKED TOWN STROLLS SUBMARINER, EAGER EYES DRINKING IN THE GLAMOROUS DUSTY SCENE.
MIKE'S
BEER
WELL, FLAP MY FLIPPERS! -- SO THIS IS WHAT I'VE BEEN MISSING, STICKING SO CLOSE TO THE BRIMY DEEP ALL MY LIFE!

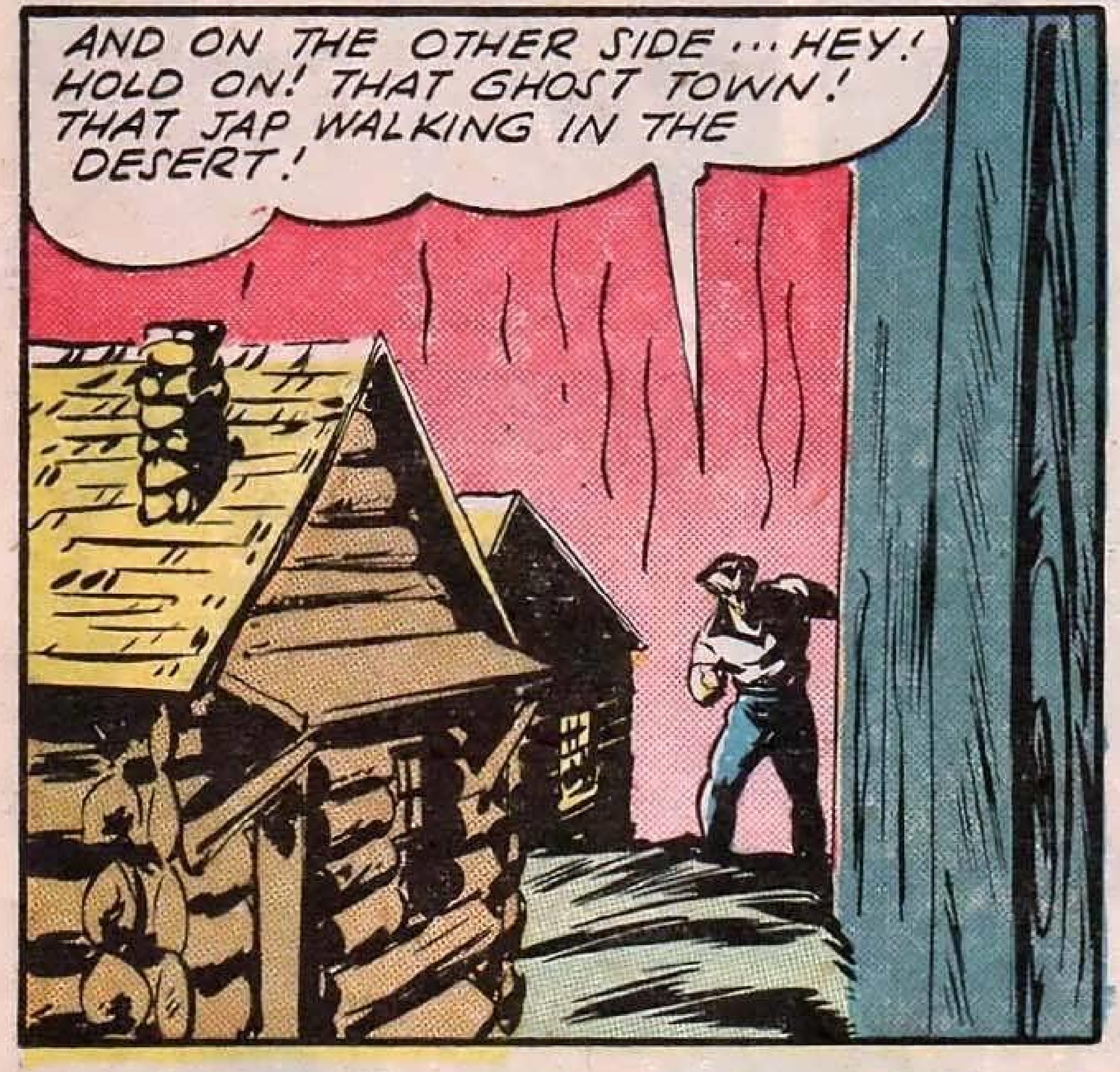
SUDDENLY---
HEY! LOOK WHERE YOU'R GOIN'!
STEEL SHOES BITE DEEP INTO THE DUST AS WHIPS AND FISTS SLASH INTO SUBMARINER'S FACE!
DANGLIN' DOGFISH! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? HEY! CUT IT OUT OR I'LL SMASH YOU TO SMITHEREENS!
POW!
BUT THE MYSTERIOUS ATTACKERS DO NOT STOP --- AND SUBMARINER FULFILLS HIS THREAT!
YOU WANT TO PLAY, EH? OKAY, IT'S MY MOVE!
UH-UH! THEY AIN'T FOOLING AROUND -- BUT I SURE WISH I COULD! I DON'T FEEL UP TO MORE THAN THAT!
I CAN'T LIFT A FIST -- BEEN OUT OF WATER TOO LONG!
STAGGERING DIZZILY AWAY, SUBMARINER FALLS INTO A NEARBY IRRIGATION DITCH!
I BETTER GET SOME FAST!

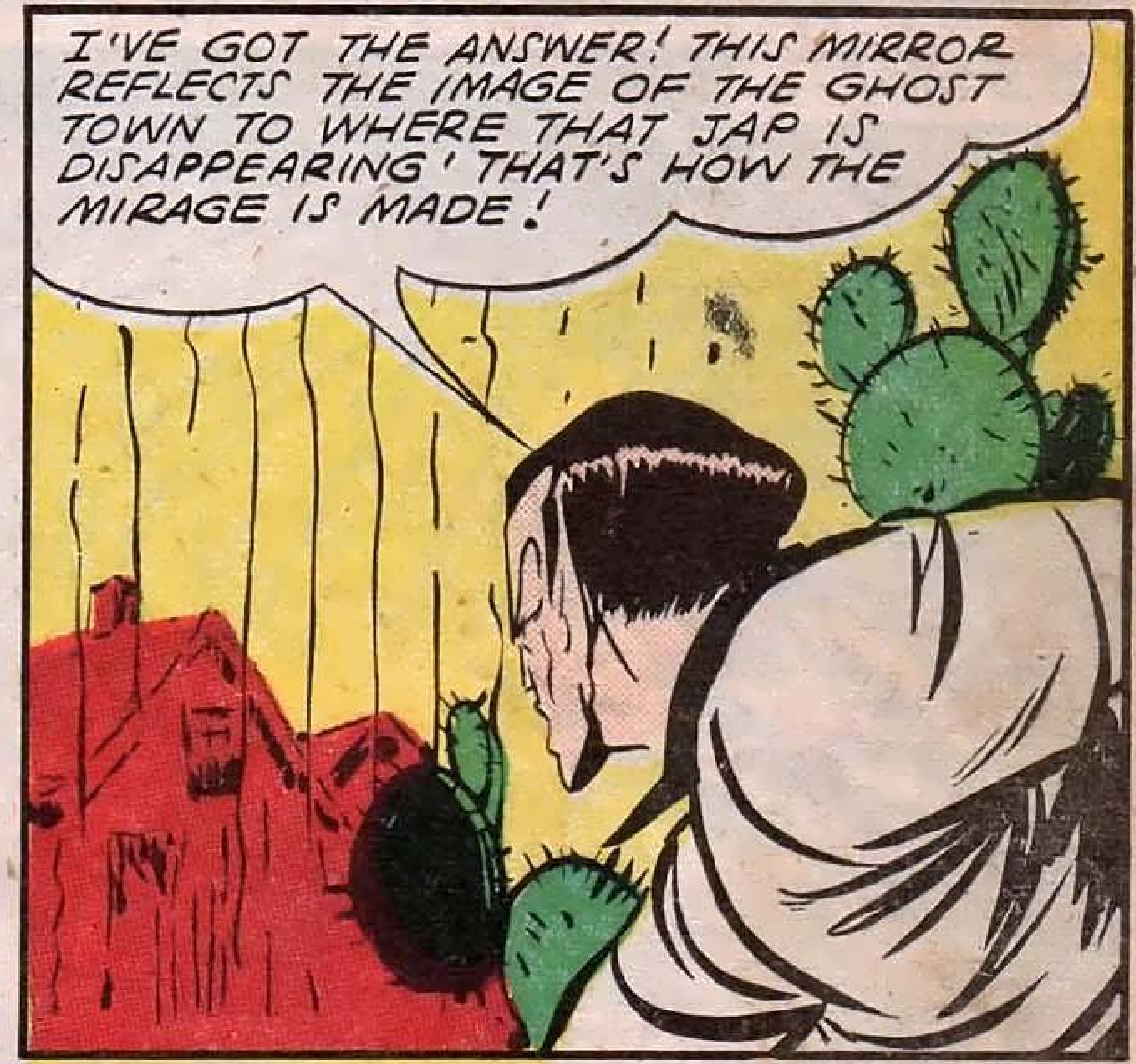
LOP-EARED LIZARDS! I FEEL BETTER NOW. BET I COULD GO BACK AND TEAR THOSE WHACKY WADDIES TO PIECES!
SUBMARINER SWIMS TO A NEARBY WATER TOWER AND SPEEDS UP THE DRAIN ...
BUT THE WHOLE THING WAS PROBABLY A MISTAKE. AFTER ALL NOBODY THIS FAR INLAND WOULD KNOW WHO I AM.
UNSEEN, SUBMARINER PEERS OVER THE TOP OF THE GIANT WATER TOWER TO WATCH HIS UNKNOWN ASSAILANTS BELOW.
SURE, THAT'S WHAT IT IS! THEY THOUGHT I WAS SOMEBODY ELSE --- UH-HUH. THERE THEY GO, THEY GAVE UP TRYING TO FIND ME.
WHERE'D I GET SO WET? WHY-UH-I GOT CAUGHT IN A SUN SHOWER.
A SUN SHOWER? HERE?
HO-HUM! I HOPE THINGS QUIET DOWN NOW. I'M HERE FOR A REST-- AND A REST IS WHAT I AIM TO GET! I'M TIRED OUT!
COWBOYS --- RUSHING ME --- NEVER SAW 'EM BEFORE ---
ZZZZ

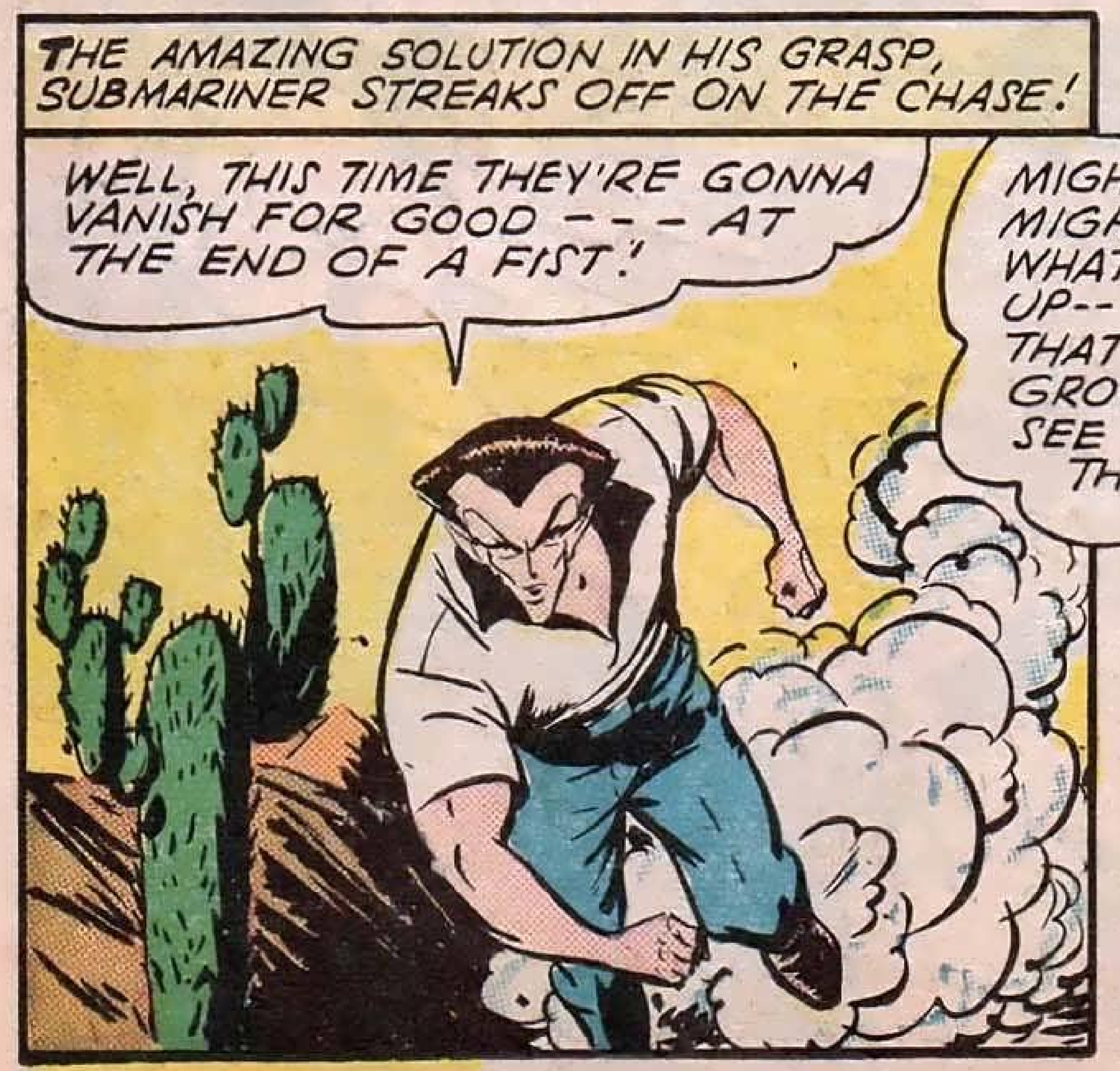
NEXT MORNING, SUBMARINER PREPARES TO BREAKFAST ON STRANGE FOOD, WHEN SUDDENLY A RUNNER ARRIVES WITH ELECTRIFYING NEWS!
WHAT KIND OF A RESTAURANT DO YOU CALL THIS? NO COLD BOILED SEAWEED! NO MINNOWS' TONGUES! NO - HUH? WHAT'S WRONG?
WOW! ANOTHER ONE JUST GOT AWAY!
MENU
ANOTHER WHAT GOT AWAY?
ANOTHER JAP! PUFF FROM THE CONCENTRATION CAMP DOWN THE ROAD! PUFF GOT CLEAR AWAY! THEY'VE BEEN DISAPPEARIN' WHOLESALE!
DISAPPEARIN' JAPS, EH? HMMM! MAYBE THIS DOES MAKE SENSE AFTER ALL!
FLEET AS A FLASH OF LIGHTNING, SUBMARINER SPRINGS INTO ACTION!
HOT DOGFISH! I GOT IT ALL FIGURED OUT!--NO, WAIT A MINUTE. WHERE DO THOSE COWBOYS FIT IN? I GUESS THE ANSWER IS, THEY DON'T! OH, WELL---
VACATION OR NO VACATION, I'VE GOT TO LOOK INTO THIS. THERE ARE TOO MANY JAPS RUNNING LOOSE AS IT IS!

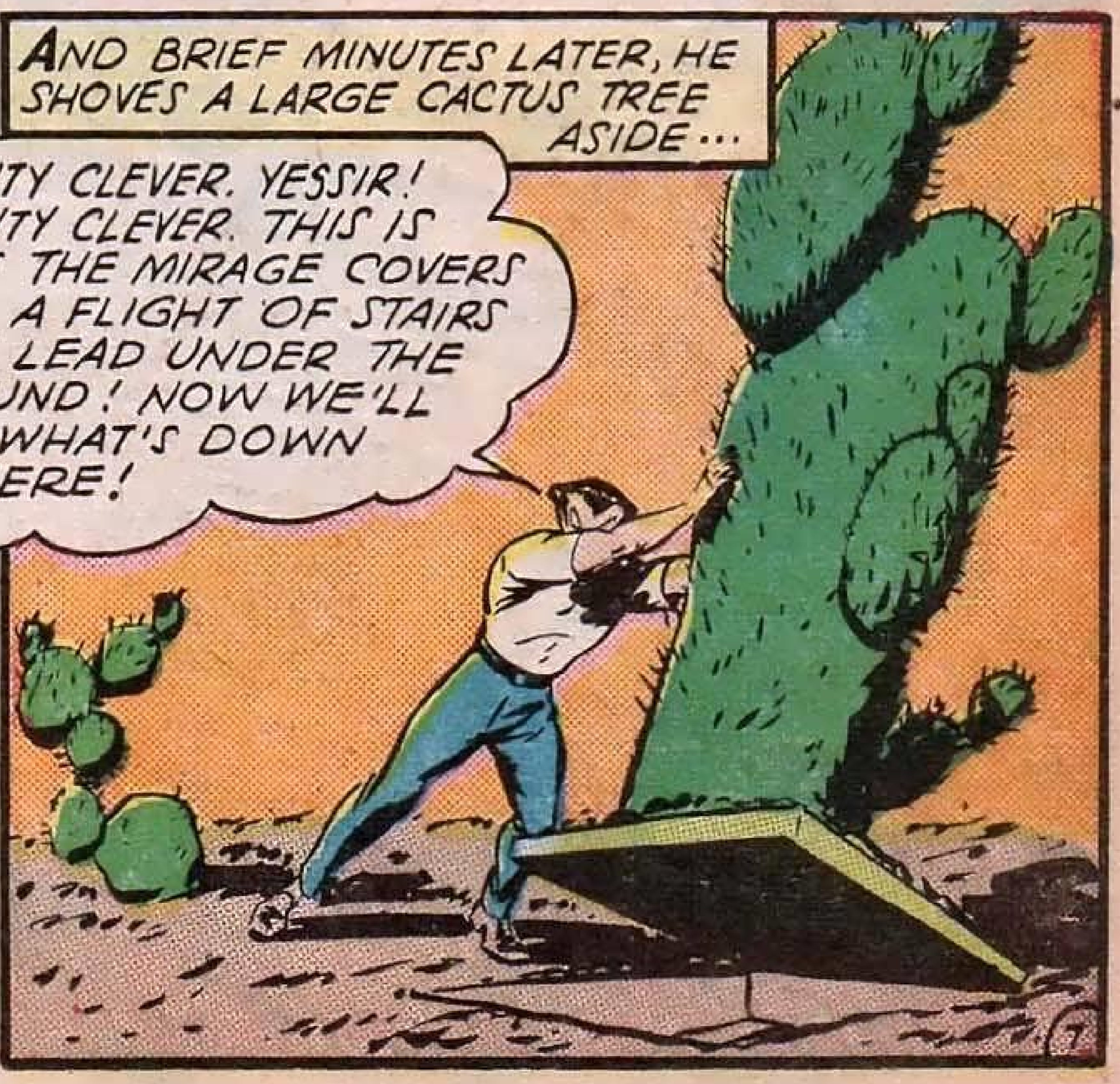
CIVIRIZED PEOPRE, HA? YOU HAVE CONCENTRATION CAMPS JUST RIKE US!
SURE! AND THEY'RE TOO GOOD FOR PEOPLE LIKE YOU!
ABRUPTLY, A LITHE FIGURE HURTLES THROUGH THE AIR -- ANOTHER RECKLESS PRISON BREAK!
HURRY! GET AWAY BEFORE ARE CAUGHT, PREASE!
WHIMPERIN' WHALES!
LIKE A BULLET, SUBMARINER RACES AFTER THE FLEEING PRISONERS!
SQUIRTIN' SQUIDS! A MIRAGE OF AN OLD GHOST TOWN --- AND HE'S RUNNING RIGHT INTO IT!
BUT WHEN SUBMARINER DASHES INTO THE TENUOUS MIRAGE ---
WELL, SWAT MY POOP DECK! HE'S GONE!
DOGGEDLY THE SUPERMAN OF THE SEA CLINGS TO THE GRIM HUNT!
BUT HE COULDN'T HAVE DISAPPEARED SO FAST WHEN I CAN SEE EVERY HUNK OF CACTUS CLEAR TO THE HORIZON! SO, HE MUST'VE HOPPED INTO THIS GULCH AND KEPT RUNNING!
AND PRESENTLY NAMOR FINDS THE MOST AMAZING MYSTERY OF ALL!
WHAT THE ---? WHAT'S A MIRROR DOING HERE IN THE DESERT?


I DON'T GET THE IDEA. ALL YOU CAN SEE IN IT IS AN OLD GHOST TOWN WITH A MIRROR BEHIND IT--


AND ON THE OTHER SIDE ... HEY! HOLD ON! THAT GHOST TOWN! THAT JAP WALKING IN THE DESERT!

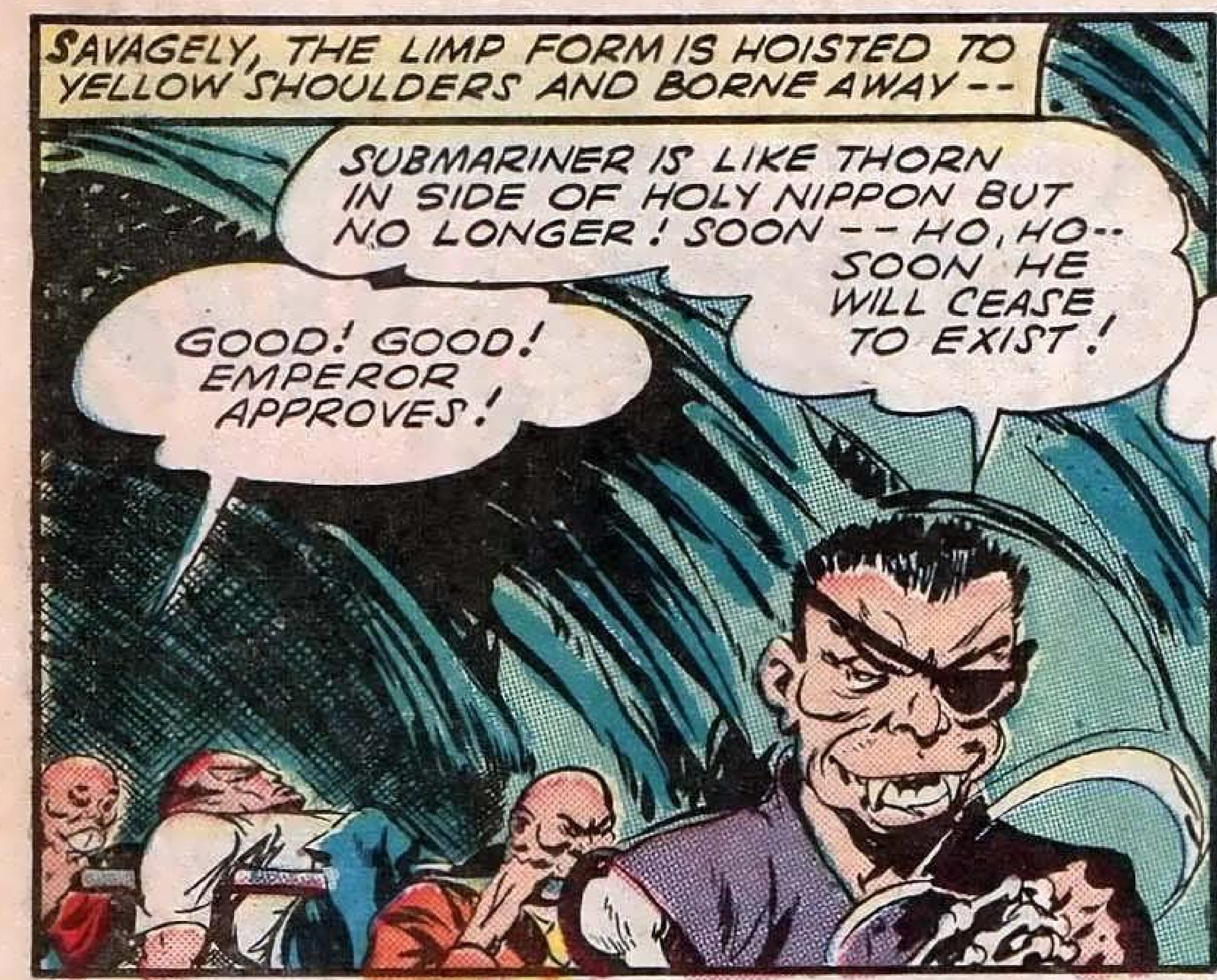

I'VE GOT THE ANSWER! THIS MIRROR REFLECTS THE IMAGE OF THE GHOST TOWN TO WHERE THAT JAP IS DISAPPEARING! THAT'S HOW THE MIRAGE IS MADE!

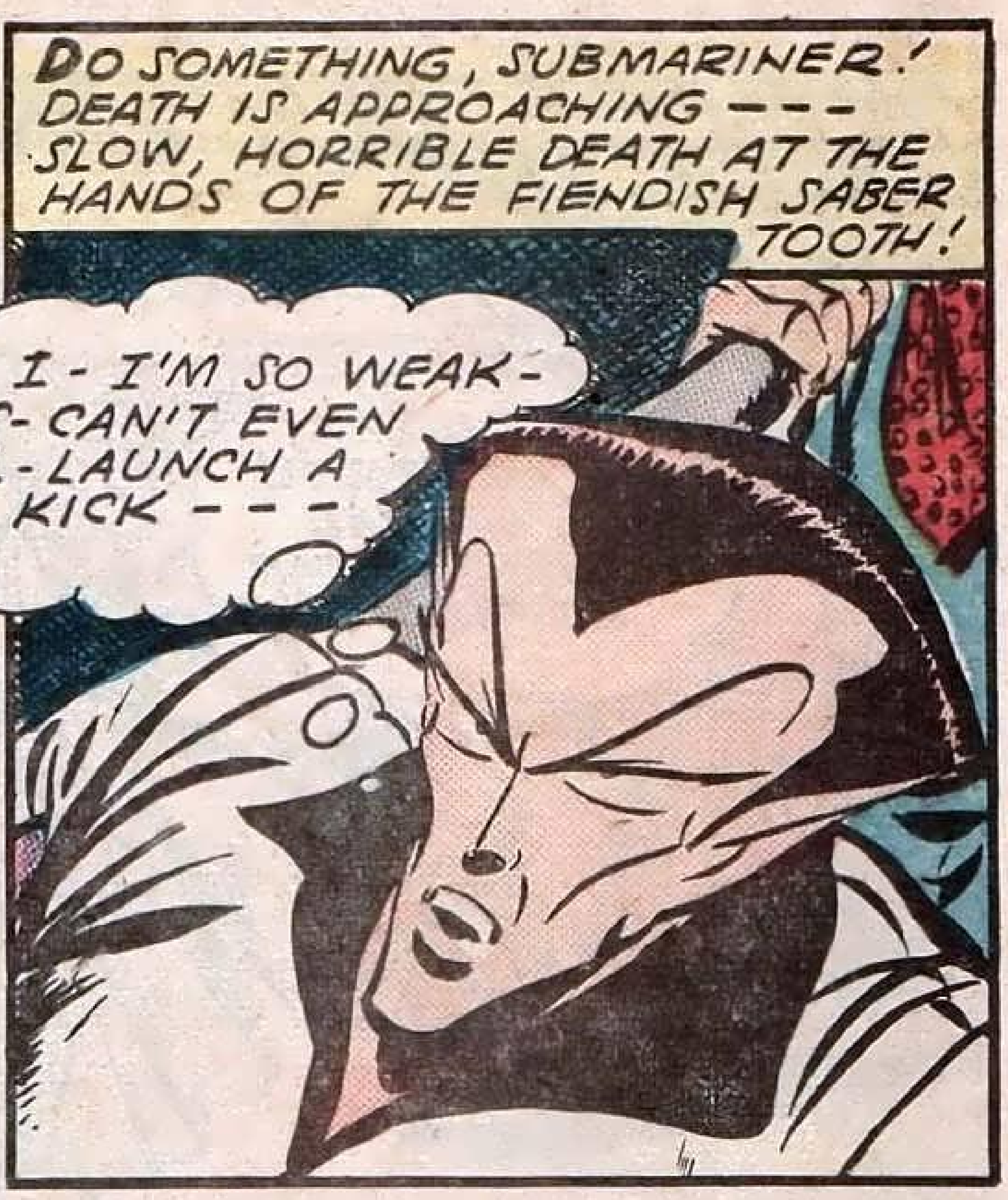

THE AMAZING SOLUTION IN HIS GRASP, SUBMARINER STREAKS OFF ON THE CHASE!
WELL, THIS TIME THEY'RE GONNA VANISH FOR GOOD --- AT THE END OF A FIST!

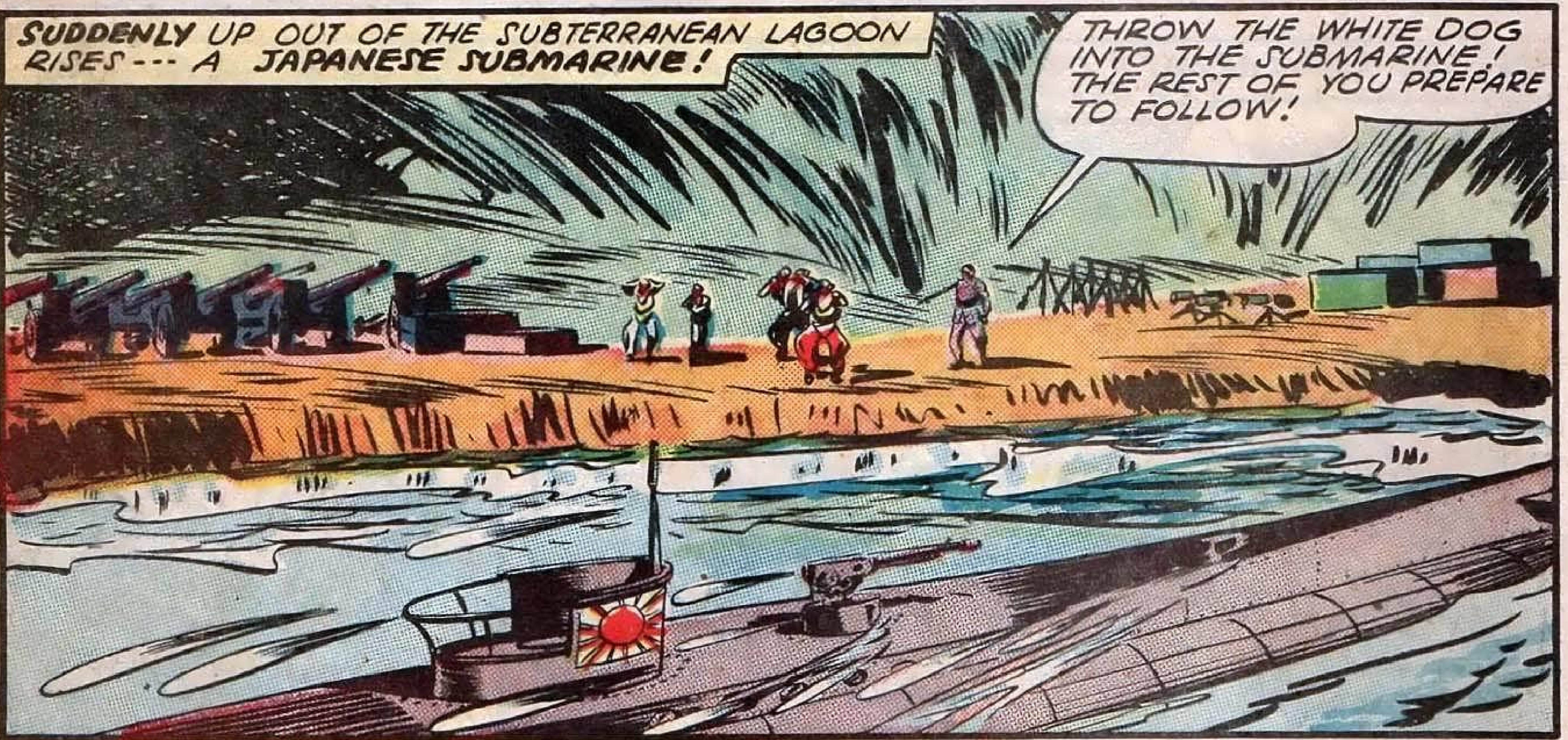

AND BRIEF MINUTES LATER, HE SHOVES A LARGE CACTUS TREE ASIDE...
MIGHTY CLEVER. YESSIR! MIGHTY CLEVER. THIS IS WHAT THE MIRAGE COVERS UP-- A FLIGHT OF STAIRS THAT LEAD UNDER THE GROUND! NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT'S DOWN THERE!

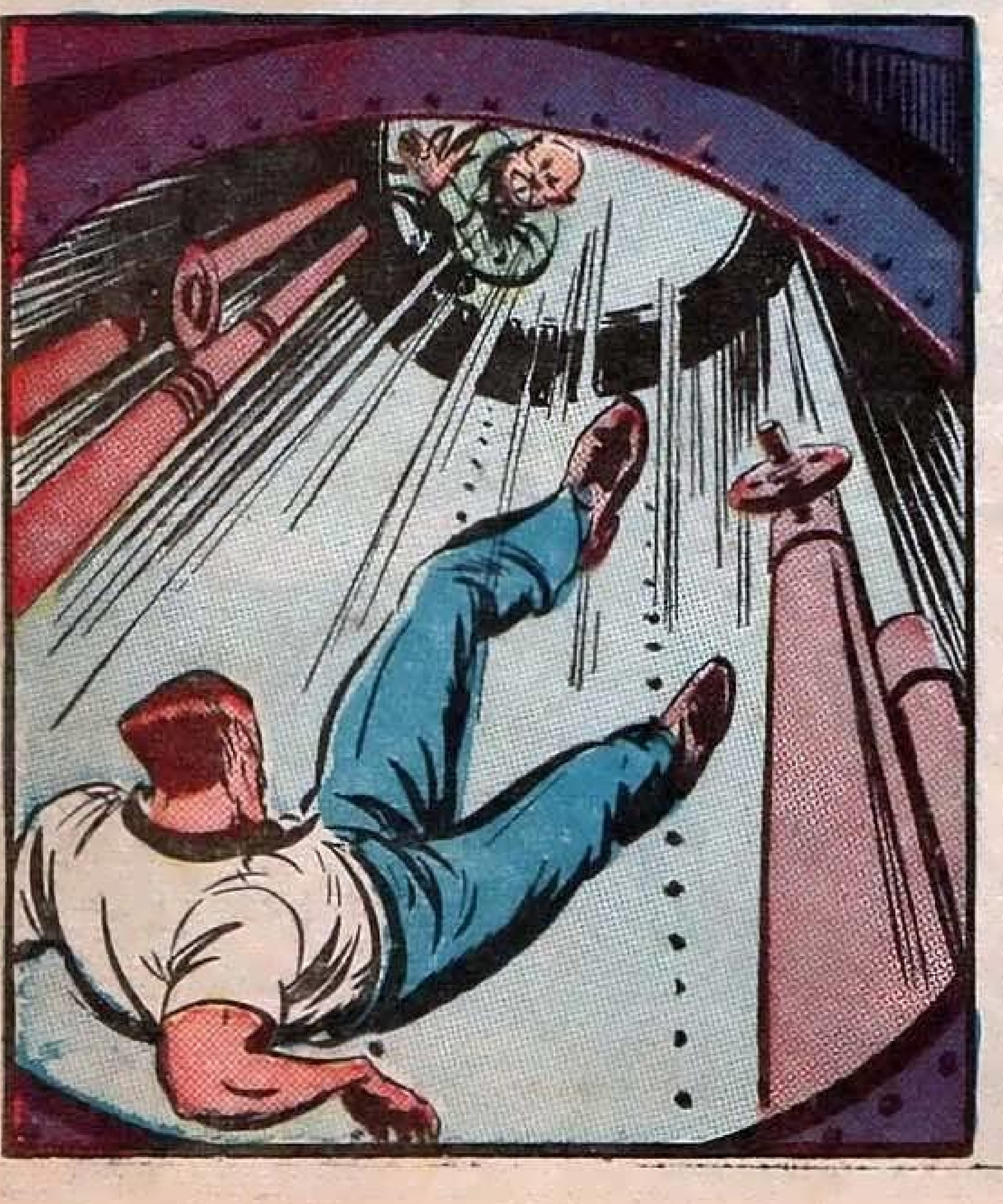
MEANWHILE, FAR BELOW THE EARTH, A SINISTER CONCLAVE IS TAKING PLACE ---
THE SHIPMENT OF OUR ESCAPED COUNTRYMEN IS COMPLETE. SOON THEY WILL BE BACK IN THE RANKS, DYING FOR THEIR EMPEROR!
WE WILL BE REWARDED BY HONORABLE EMPEROR! MISERABLE AMERICANS HAVE MORE ENEMIES TO FIGHT!
JUST THEN ---
SHIVERIN' SHAD! JUST A HUNK OF CACTUS UP ABOVE -- BUT TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT IT HIDES DOWN HERE!

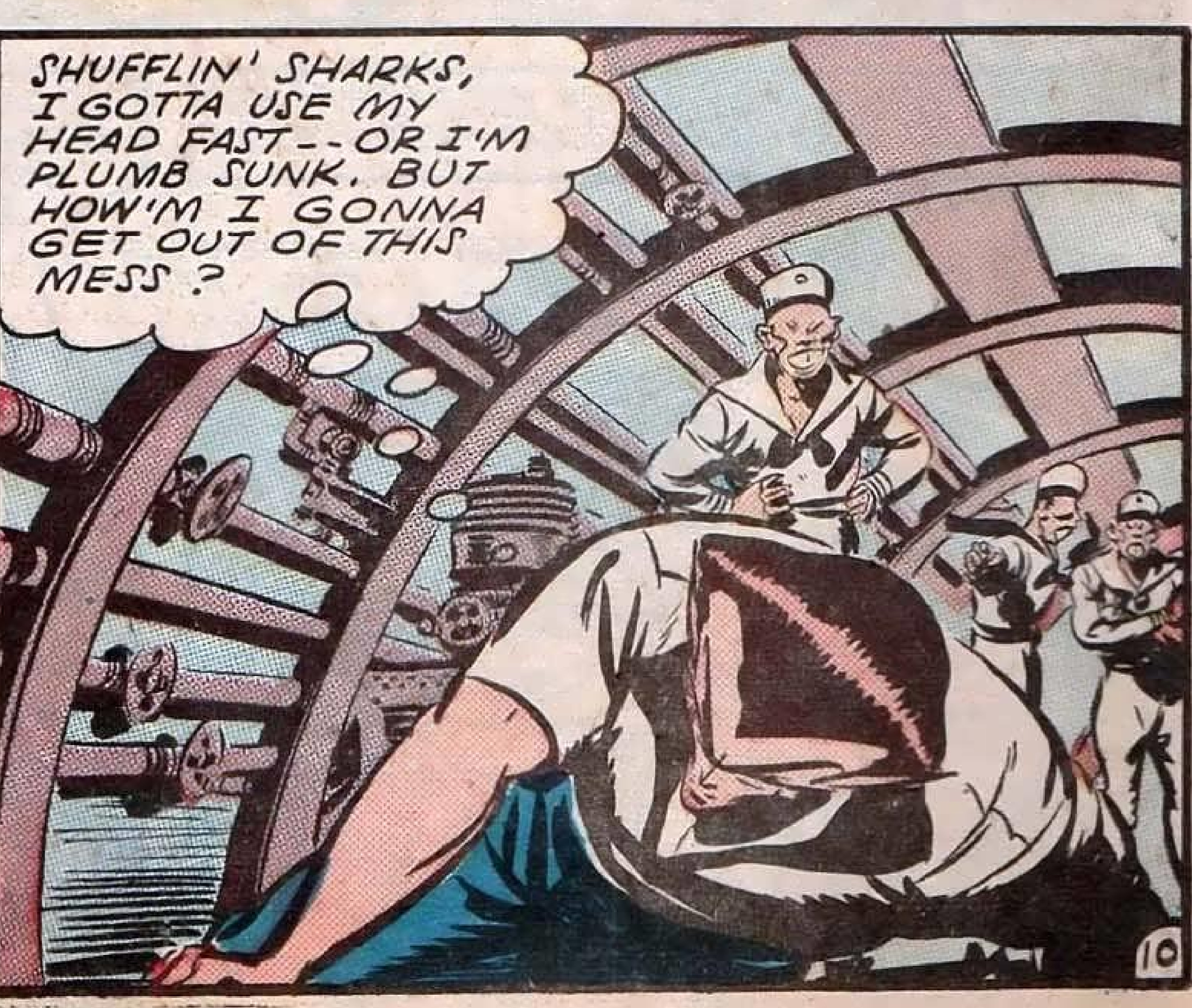
SUDDENLY NAMOR IS SPOTTED!
SOUND ALARM, PLEASE, INTRUDER COME!
WELL, WELL! THE ANSWER TO MY PERSONAL MYSTERY--- JAP COWBOYS!
HI-YII! SUBMARINER RIDES AGAIN!
BUT THE ALARM BRINGS A SWARMING HORDE OF REINFORCEMENTS!
COME ON, VERMIN! COME A-RUNNING! I'LL SEND YOU A-FLYING!
WHAT IS THAT SPADE-FACED SEAHORSE DOING SO FAR FROM THE OCEAN? BAH! I WILL DESTROY HIM ONCE AND FOR ALL --- AND I KNOW PRECISELY HOW TO DO IT!
RIFLES
RIFLES
GLYCERINE
GO AHEAD, RATS! SEE WHAT GOOD YOU ARE WITHOUT GUNS!
YIPE! HUMBLE HAND IS BROKEN!
CRUNCH!
BUT THE TREACHEROUS SABER TOOTH PUTS HIS VICIOUS PLAN INTO MURDEROUS EXECUTION!
DIE, DOG OF THE SEA!
WHA-WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME? I F-FEEL WEAK ALL OF A SUDDEN ---
GLYCERINE
LOOK! CANNOT HURT WITH FIST, BUT HONORABLE SABER TOOTH KNOCK UNCONSCIOUS WITHOUT TOUCHING! HOW?
HO, HO! SABER TOOTH KNOW PLENTY ABOUT SUBMARINER. HE GET WEAK WITHOUT WATER AND GLYCERINE IS DEHYDRATING AGENT... TAKES WATER FROM PORES, THUS IT LAYS OUR ENEMY FLAT!


SAVAGELY, THE LIMP FORM IS HOISTED TO YELLOW SHOULDERS AND BORNE AWAY--
SUBMARINER IS LIKE THORN IN SIDE OF HOLY NIPPON BUT NO LONGER! SOON--HO, HO--SOON HE WILL CEASE TO EXIST!
GOOD! GOOD! EMPEROR APPROVES!


DO SOMETHING, SUBMARINER! DEATH IS APPROACHING--- SLOW, HORRIBLE DEATH AT THE HANDS OF THE FIENDISH SABER TOOTH!
I-I'M SO WEAK- C-CAN'T EVEN L-LAUNCH A KICK---

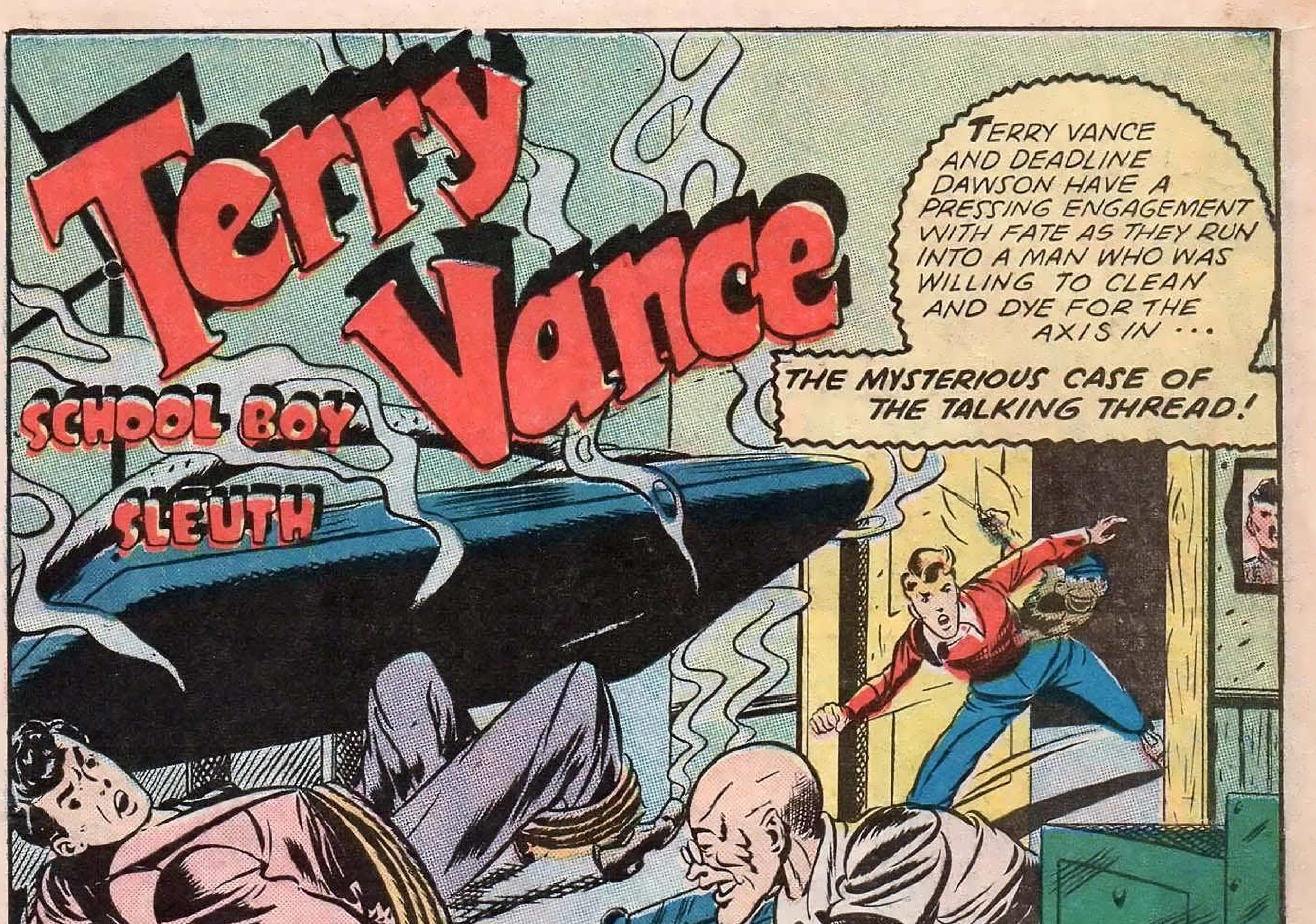

SUDDENLY UP OUT OF THE SUBTERRANEAN LAGOON RISES--- A JAPANESE SUBMARINE!
THROW THE WHITE DOG INTO THE SUBMARINE! THE REST OF YOU PREPARE TO FOLLOW!

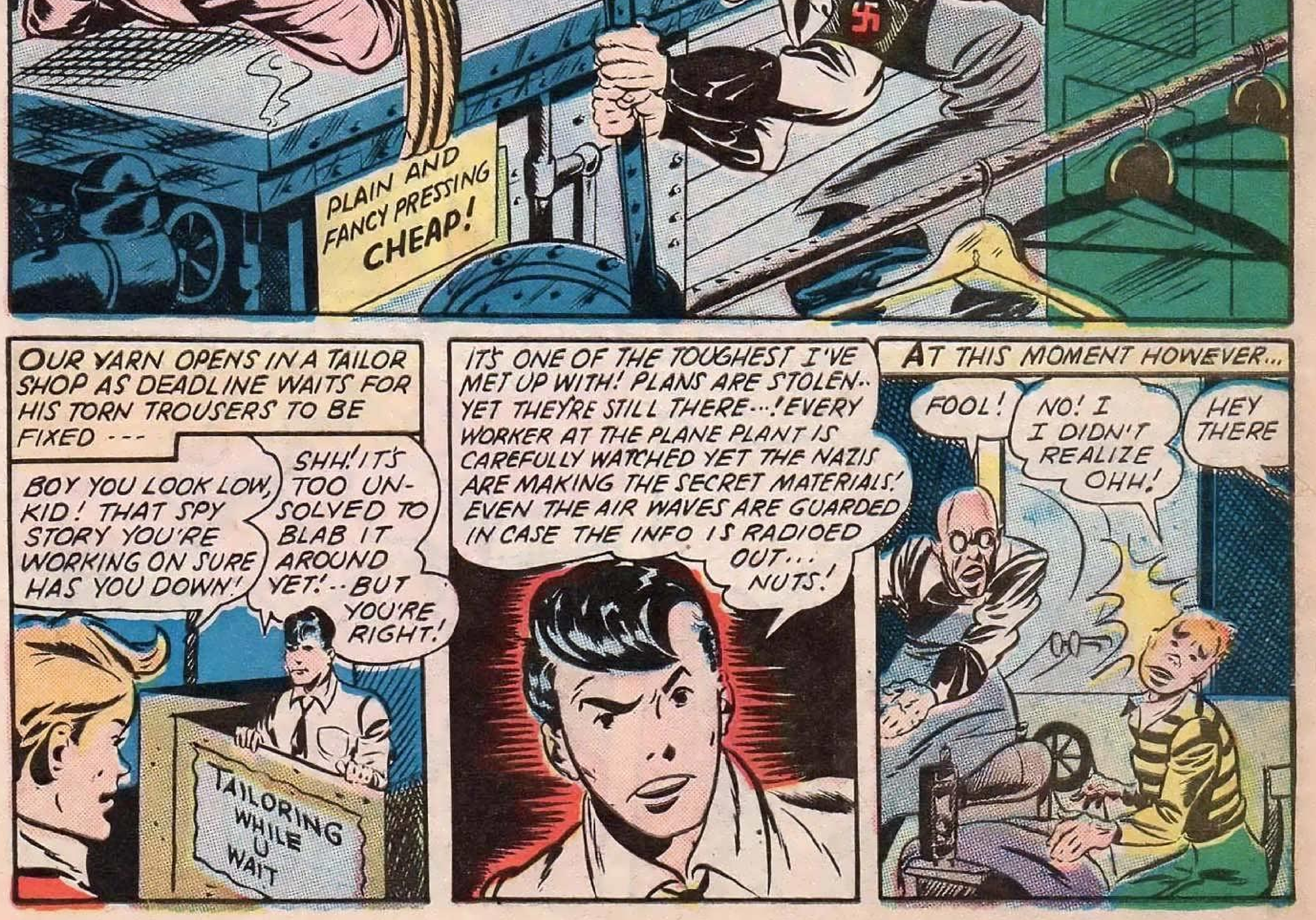



SHUFFLIN' SHARKS, I GOTTA USE MY HEAD FAST--OR I'M PLUMB SUNK. BUT HOW'M I GONNA GET OUT OF THIS MESS?

AS THE ESCAPED PRISONERS AND THEIR HORRIBLE MASTER COME ABOARD, A SHREWD SCHEME TAKES SHAPE IN SUBMARINER'S DAZED YET AGILE MIND!
STRENGTH IS WHAT I NEED, AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GET IT!
WATER! FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE --- WATER!
WILL SEE IF HONORABLE SABER TOOTH GIVE PERMISSION.
WATER FOR SUBMARINER? NO, YOU FOOL! DO NOT GIVE HIM ONE SINGLE DROP OR I SMASH YOUR HEAD BENEATH MY HEEL!
SO SORRY! EXCUSE HUMBLE SERVANT'S STUPIDITY! SO SORRY!
SSSO! YOU WISH WATER? I WILL OBLIGE ---
-- LIKE THIS! HAVE HONORABLE DRINK!
LAP! LAP!
BUT THE CRUEL JEST EXPLODES LIKE A GRENADE IN THE TORMENTOR'S MONSTROUS FACE! FOR ---
THANKS, RAT! THAT WAS JUST WHAT I NEEDED!
WHA-- ?
A FLOOD-TIDE OF STRENGTH SURGING INTO HIM, SUBMARINER SWIFTLY SLASHES A SWATH TOWARD SABER TOOTH!
BRING ALONG YOUR FRIENDS! I COULD USE SOME MORE OPPOSITION! --- HOLLERIN' HADDOCK, I FEEL TERRIFIC!
WHAT FOOL GAVE HIM WATER? NEVER MIND ANSWERING! CAPTURE OR KILL HIM --- OR I'LL FLAY YOUR CORPSES!

BUT SUBMARINER RIPS OPEN THE NUMBER 2 TORPEDO TUBE...
HAVE A FISH, FELLERS! IT'S ON THE HOUSE!
NO, NO! NOT THAT!
TORPEDO TUBE NO 2
--AND HURLS HIMSELF OUT THROUGH THE EMPTY TUBE...
TORP TU
JUST IN TIME! MIGHTY STROKES TAKE SUBMARINER SPEEDING AWAY FROM THE EXPLODING SUBMARINE!! THEN, SUDDENLY, AN EAR-SPLITTING EXPLOSION SHAKES THE EARTH!
BOOM!
A SHORT WHILE LATER...
AND YOU SAY THE UNDERGROUND LAKE IS CONNECTED TO THE PACIFIC BY A SUBTERRANEAN RIVER? BUT YOU BLEW UP THE ENTRANCE, EH? SWELL! WE'LL RADIO THE ARMY TO CLEAN UP THE PLACE.
THANKS, MEN! BE SEEIN' YOU!
JUMPIN' JELLYFISH! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THE SEASIDE FOR A NICE, QUIET VACATION! GIT ALONG, LYTTLE DOLPHIN! YIP-PEE!
IT DOESN'T SEEM TO MATTER MUCH TO SUBMARINER WHETHER HE'S AT THE SHORE, ON A DESERT, OR HIGH ON A MOUNTAIN-TOP! WHEREVER THE AXIS WANTS TO PLAY THEIR NASTY GAMES, HE CAN ALWAYS FIND SOME WAY TO BEAT THEM.
THERE'S ANOTHER NEW ADVENTURE AWAITING HIM IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL!

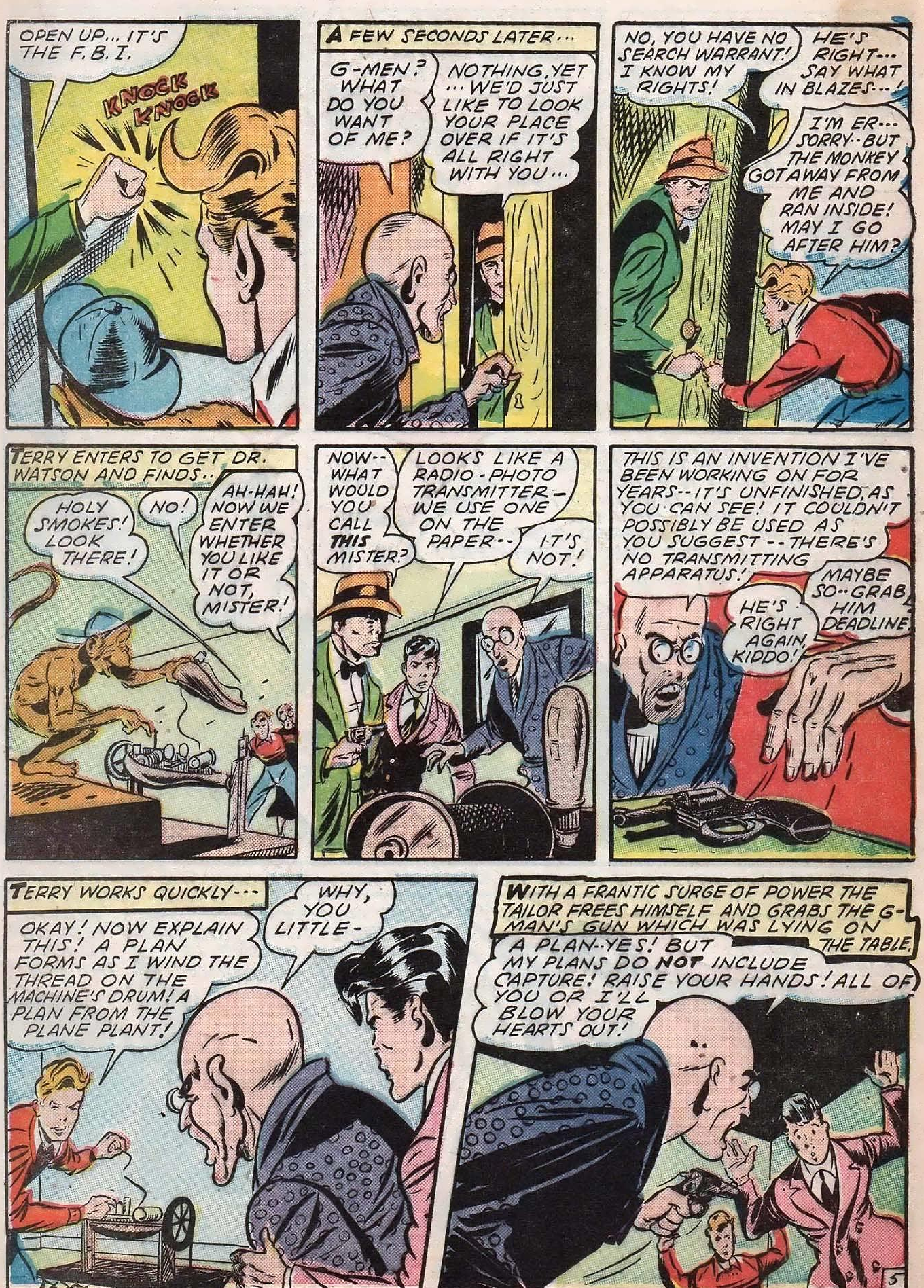

Terry Vance
SCHOOL BOY SLEUTH
TERRY VANCE AND DEADLINE DAWSON HAVE A PRESSING ENGAGEMENT WITH FATE AS THEY RUN INTO A MAN WHO WAS WILLING TO CLEAN AND DYE FOR THE AXIS IN ...
THE MYSTERIOUS CASE OF THE TALKING THREAD!
PLAIN AND FANCY PRESSING CHEAP!


OUR YARN OPENS IN A TAILOR SHOP AS DEADLINE WAITS FOR HIS TORN TROUSERS TO BE FIXED ---
BOY YOU LOOK LOW, KID! THAT SPY STORY YOU'RE WORKING ON SURE HAS YOU DOWN!
SHH! IT'S TOO UNSOLVED TO BLAB IT AROUND YET! -- BUT YOU'RE RIGHT!
TAILORING WHILE U WAIT
IT'S ONE OF THE TOUGHEST I'VE MET UP WITH! PLANS ARE STOLEN.. YET THEY'RE STILL THERE ---! EVERY WORKER AT THE PLANE PLANT IS CAREFULLY WATCHED YET THE NAZIS ARE MAKING THE SECRET MATERIALS! EVEN THE AIR WAVES ARE GUARDED IN CASE THE INFO IS RADIOED OUT... NUTS!
AT THIS MOMENT HOWEVER...
FOOL!
NO! I I DIDN'T REALIZE OHH!
HEY THERE

WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?
THIS FOOLISH BOY HAS USED TOO POOR A THREAD TO FIX YOUR TROUSERS.., I WILL CHANGE IT!
DOTTY GLAMOUR WOULD SUE IF SHE COULD SEE THIS!
DON'T BOTHER THEY'RE AN OLD PAIR!
I INSIST! PLEASE!
?
YOU CERTAINLY ARE PATRIOTIC!
CAN'T A MAN WORK WITHOUT EVERYONE BREATHING DOWN HIS NECK?
HMMM..
HOWEVER - A FEW SECONDS LATER...
ER... EXCUSE ME, MISTER DAWSON.. THE BOY HAS ME SO UPSET! I WILL HAVE THESE FOR YOU IN ONE MOMENT!
QUEER DUCK!
YEAH--I GUESS SO--BUT HE'S A GOOD TAILOR! DOES ALL THE WORK FOR THE PLANT AND FOR THE NAVY OFFICERS FROM THE CAMP!
PEEK A BOO!
OH... HE DOES, EH? THAT'S GOOD TO KNOW!

SOON THE TROUSERS ARE FINISHED.
THANKS... HERE!
THANK YOU, MR. DAWSON! CALL AGAIN!
PANTS PRESSED
NOW, PAL... TELL ME YOUR BRIGHT IDEA... YOUR EYES ALMOST LIT UP IN THERE!
I DON'T EXACTLY KNOW, YET---JUST A HUNCH! I'LL DROP YOU AT THE OFFICE... AND WE'LL MEET THIS EVENING AT MY PLACE.
TAILOR
THAT EVENING... AT TERRY'S--
RIGHT ON TIME, TERRY... WHAT'S THE PLAY?
WE'RE GOING TO PAY A LITTLE VISIT TO THAT YOUNG TAILOR BOY!
A SHORT TIME LATER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN...
DOESN'T ANSWER... MAYBE HE ISN'T IN!
HE'S IN, ALL RIGHT. I CAN SEE HIM MOVING AROUND--LOOKS WORRIED---SCARED!
THAT'S THE ANGLE! PST, CARL, OPEN UP... WE'VE COME TO HELP YOU!
THAT DID IT!
OH IT'S YOU... COME IN... QUICKLY!
SURE, SURE!
?
WE JUST WONDERED WHY THE OLD BOY SMACKED YOU, CARL... WHAT'S THE STORY BEHIND IT ALL?
I'LL TALK! I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING!
SHOOT!
3

IT'S TRUE THEN, THAT YOU CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED THE CLOTHES FROM THE PLANT?
YES! BUT THERE'S MUCH MORE TO IT THAN THAT--- LISTEN CLOSELY--
HOWEVER, I--- AGGGGHHH-
WHAT THE---?
CRASH!
DEAD! SHOT RIGHT THROUGH THE HEART!
I'LL GET THAT MURDERER!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
LOST HIM... WHAT NOW?
THIS IS A JOB FOR THE F.B.I. -LET'S GO!
SUITS ME FINE!
AN HOUR LATER THE BOYS ARRIVE AT THE TAILOR SHOP WITH THREE G-MEN.
YOU THINK THIS GUY DID IT, TERRY?
YEAH, HE SLEEPS IN THE REAR.. IF HE'S IN!
THAT'S EASY! WE'LL ASK THE COP ON THIS BEAT!
TAILOR
DEADLINE'S STORY RUNS AGAINST ANOTHER STONE WALL.
SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU BOYS, BUT THE OLD MAN HASN'T BEEN OUT ALL EVENING...AND THERE'S ONLY ONE ENTRANCE TO THE SHOP!
THERE'S YOUR ANSWER, TERRY, BUT---
PLEASE SEARCH THE PLACE ANYWAY... I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND IT MORE THAN INTERESTING!
WELL--OKAY! BUT YOU'D BETTER BE RIGHT- WILL BE RIGHT BACK, BOYS!
OKAY!


OPEN UP... IT'S THE F.B.I.
KNOCK KNOCK
A FEW SECONDS LATER...
G-MEN? WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME?
NOTHING, YET ... WE'D JUST LIKE TO LOOK YOUR PLACE OVER IF IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH YOU...
NO, YOU HAVE NO SEARCH WARRANT! I KNOW MY RIGHTS!
HE'S RIGHT--- SAY WHAT IN BLAZES---!
I'M ER--- SORRY-- BUT THE MONKEY GOT AWAY FROM ME AND RAN INSIDE! MAY I GO AFTER HIM?
TERRY ENTERS TO GET DR. WATSON AND FINDS..
HOLY SMOKES! LOOK THERE!
NO!
AH-HAH! NOW WE ENTER WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT, MISTER!
NOW-- WHAT WOULD YOU CALL THIS MISTER?
LOOKS LIKE A RADIO-PHOTO TRANSMITTER-- WE USE ONE ON THE PAPER--
IT'S NOT!
THIS IS AN INVENTION I'VE BEEN WORKING ON FOR YEARS-- IT'S UNFINISHED, AS YOU CAN SEE! IT COULDN'T POSSIBLY BE USED AS YOU SUGGEST -- THERE'S NO TRANSMITTING APPARATUS!
HE'S RIGHT AGAIN, KIDDO!
MAYBE SO-- GRAB HIM DEADLINE!
TERRY WORKS QUICKLY---
OKAY! NOW EXPLAIN THIS! A PLAN FORMS AS I WIND THE THREAD ON THE MACHINE'S DRUM! A PLAN FROM THE PLANE PLANT!
WHY, YOU LITTLE-
WITH A FRANTIC SURGE OF POWER THE TAILOR FREES HIMSELF AND GRABS THE G-MAN'S GUN WHICH WAS LYING ON THE TABLE.
A PLAN-- YES! BUT MY PLANS DO NOT INCLUDE CAPTURE! RAISE YOUR HANDS! ALL OF YOU OR I'LL BLOW YOUR HEARTS OUT!

YOU ARE SMART BOYS--YES! MY SON WAS SMART, TOO--TOO SMART---AND HE PAID ---AS YOU WILL! I HAVE LOST NOTHING. THERE ARE MORE IDEAS IN MY HEAD THAN THE ONE YOU FOUND HERE---
PRETTY CLEVER, YOU NAZIS!
ALL NAZIS ARE CLEVER! YOU SHALL LEARN THAT WHEN THE NEW ORDER TAKES OVER! WATCH!
THE NAZI PRESSES A BUTTON AND A SECTION OF THE WALL OPENS--
WITH ALL YOUR PRECAUTIONS, YOU COULDN'T STOP ME! UNDER MY ORDERS, MY SON TOOK X-RAY PICTURES AT THE PLANT --RIGHT THROUGH THE METAL OF THE LOCKED FILES!
WE KNEW THE AIRWAVES WERE BEING GUARDED--SO WE TRANSFERRED THE PLANS ONTO THREAD--- THREAD THAT WAS SEWN INTO THE UNIFORMS OF ARMY MEN WE KNEW WERE TO BE SHIPPED OVERSEAS! THEY WERE OUR MESSENGERS!
NOW, I LEAVE!
NOT SO FAST, YOU NAZI RAT!
THE TRAPPED NAZI FIRES POINT BLANK AT THE POLICEMAN!
ONE LESS STUPID AMERICAN TO SUBDUE!
OH!
AS THE NAZI CLOSES THE SECRET PANEL BEHIND HIM...
GET HIM! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE COP!
OKAY, KID, THIS CHORE IS ALL MINE!
NOW I KNOW HOW HE GOT OUT TO KILL THE BOY!

THE PASSAGE LEADS TO THE REAR ALLEY.
LOOK OUT, G-MAN, HE'LL PLUG YOU!
---OR VICE-VERSE!
JUST LIKE SHOOTING CLAY PIGEONS... ONLY I HAVE MORE FEELING FOR THE PIGEONS!
UHH!
BANG!
A FEW MINUTES LATER---
FUNNY--- I DON'T FEEL A THING! GUESS I'M THROUGH, PAL---
NOT UNLESS YOU'RE ALLERGIC TO BLANKS, COPPER!
BLANKS? WHAT'S THE GAG?
SURE--I ALWAYS PLANT A DUMMY GUN NEAR A SUSPECT! WE GET FASTER CONFESSIONS AND CONVICTIONS THESE DAYS!
THAT'S OKAY!
NICE WORK, BOYS! THIS LITTLE ADDRESS BOOK I FOUND ON THE RAT WILL JUST ABOUT WIPE THE GANG OUT IN THIS SECTION OF THE COUNTRY!
ER--IS IT OKAY TO PRINT THE STORY, 'G' MAN?... I'VE BEEN WORKING ON IT QUITE A A WHILE--
WHO HAS A BETTER RIGHT? AND DON'T MIS-SPELL MY NAME, EITHER! GOOD LUCK TO YOU, REPORTER!
THANKS, PAL! I'LL GET THE PULITZER PRIZE FOR THIS YARN!
ALWAYS THE REPORTER, HA! HA!
THE MORAL OF THIS YARN IS: BUTTON YOUR LIP... AND WE'LL SOON HAVE THE AXIS ALL SEWED UP! TERRY VANCE AND HIS PALS WILL BE BACK IN ANOTHER THRILLING TALE IN THE NEXT BIG MARVEL!

THE Last LAUGH

"TAKE it easy!" Nick cautioned, his voice barely carrying through the grind of machinery in the big factory. "You're like a lot of other people. Figure they're going to win the war all by themselves."

Bud laid aside the round cylinder he'd been polishing. He answered, "You're like a lot of other people who don't care. You're lazy or figure the other guy's going to finish it. Maybe you're yellow."

Nick stepped away, his slender body twisting lithely as he turned to look about him, dark eyes careful and sharp. Bud picked up another unfinished cylinder as the tray slid past, applied the edge to the whirling stone. Nick said, "Okay, Bud. I suppose you figure all this stuff in the paper isn't propaganda. About how we're winning and all that. Look at this!"

Bud glanced aside. The picture Nick shielded with his body wasn't a nice one. There was a soldier in it and he was being tortured. No, it wasn't pleasant to see, think about. Nick shuffled it aside, slid another into view. Bud felt goose-flesh on his arms, felt his breath burning his throat. He'd never seen anything like this!

"Bunk!" Bud snapped, forgetting the buffer whirling before him. "Where'd you get that rot?"

Nick smiled. "This is the sort of stuff the papers don't print. This is what really happens. I could show you plenty . . . and prove it!"

With that, Nick slid away. Bud turned to the buffer, finding it hard to concentrate on his work. This was the sort of thing everyone was afraid of. The sort of thing people knew might be happening but didn't want to believe.

Perhaps this was why there was trouble in the big factory, too. It had been gathering behind them like a cloud forecasting a storm. Other workers were talking among themselves. There was unrest; production had dropped.

Ted Pierce showed up and Bud noted the uneasy expression in his eyes. "How you doing, Bud?" Ted asked. "Keeping the stuff rolling?"

Bud nodded. "Sure. Why not?"

Ted hesitated, asked, "You been hearing stories around the factory? Something's wrong. Everyone's got the willies. There's talk about pictures of American soldiers being tortured about how we're losing the war. We can't have that sort of thing. We can't let anything pull us away from our work!"

Right after lunch Bud stumbled upon Nick and two cronies, out in the back near the storeroom. They didn't see Bud, who instinctively paused in time to hear Nick talking.

"Keep it up. Feed them plenty of the same stuff, but be smart. They'll swallow anything you tell 'em, but be sure to keep yourself in the clear!"

AGAIN Nick showed up, resting his lean length against the bench to watch Bud's polishing. Bud said cautiously, "I hear you've got quite a place outside town. The old Maxwell home. Guess you figured it would be better to buy something like that and do it over than put up a new one."

Nick admitted, "I couldn't build because of the war."

"Rebuilding will cost plenty."

Nick glanced around, dark eyes taking in the floor stretched out before them, rows upon rows of heads showing bowed over the machines. The air was full of shining particles of dust like flakes of silver. "I got a good buy," Nick admitted. "But I'm making good dough. . . ."

Nick was making good dough. That was significant. Because it would cost more to rebuild the old Maxwell place than Nick was making at his job here, which seemed to indicate that perhaps he was making something other ways.

No doubt he was a trouble maker but so far there was no way of proving it. Bud remembered the two he'd seen talking to Nick, remembered Nick's words about feeding 'em plenty of the same stuff. Had Nick been instructing them to tell the people the war was hopeless, that they were already licked? It seemed so, but without proof . . .

When a forest fire threatened, you started a back-fire, designed to sweep on and stop the flames coming toward you. Bud started a verbal back-fire the next day, fed it feverishly.

"Nick's talking through his hat," Bud told a group at the ten o'clock rest period. "He's a trouble maker. He doesn't care one way or the other. All he's trying to do is—"

"You're an optimist," a young woman accused. "My boy friend has been in a year now."

Bud replied, "*I'll* be in before long. There are going to be lives lost, but according to Nick there's no use trying to do anything. We've *got* to back up the guys doing the fighting!"

It was hard to make it sound real, sincere. Bud kept at it till he knew he was right. He picked his times well, taking care to avoid Nick and the other two. In a few days Bud realized his back-fire was going to work!

"That stuff Nick's been telling," Bud pointed out, "is too far-fetched to make sense. He doesn't care!"

IT WAS on the way home after work that the car drew up and the door opened beside Bud. A voice called, "Nick wants to see you. Get in."

It was an order and Bud got in, saw that there was just one of them. Nick must have tumbled . . .

The man at the wheel said, "Just relax. We'll be right there. And no funny stuff."

The car turned into the driveway of the old Maxwell home and stopped at the side door. Bud knew he was trapped; didn't have to be told he was up against dangerous men . . . fifth columnists. Nick was crafty and careful and evidently determined to carry out whatever plans he might have.

Nick was sitting in a deep rocker before the fireplace. The windows were carefully blacked out. The third member of his little ring, lounging on a sofa, swung his feet to the floor as Bud and his companion entered.

There was no grin on Nick's face tonight. It was hard, sharp, dangerous. "Have a chair, Bud. You're a smart kid. I'm going to make you a business deal. Guess you could use extra dough?"

"Not if it's yours!" The words came out of Bud's lips swiftly, hotly. He knew now that Nick was a crook, was trying to undermine the morale of the workers at the factory. How many others like Nick were there scattered around the country, in plants and depots, shipyards and manufacturing centers?

Nick said, "What's wrong with my brand of dough?"

"It's crooked! And that goes for you!" Bud approached. The man on the couch leaned forward. Bud snarled, "You've tried to throw the factory out of kilter, tried to make people believe it's no use. Telling them stories, lies, showing them fake pictures—" He hesitated.

Nick murmured, "I still say you're a smart kid. Too smart. Slim and Joe here will take you back. See to it he gets home, boys!"

The car started with a jerk. Bud crouched on the front seat, listening to the grind of wheels in the gravel. There was trouble in the making. He could feel it. The car turned away from town. . . .

"You're going the wrong way!"

Slim laughed. "Depends on how you mean it, kid. It's the right way for us. But the wrong one for you!"

The car gathered speed swiftly and Bud knew it was going to happen. He was going for a ride. One way . . .

The car was rounding a bend. Bud knew Joe was in back, was sitting on the edge of the seat, probably holding a gun. But at least if a guy had to die, he'd do it fighting.

Bud lunged for the wheel, ripped it around. The car skidded violently in the dust, shot over the edge of the bank, sideswiping a tree. Metal screamed and twisted. Behind Bud a gun went off with a hoarse shout. Then the car was hurtling over, crashing down into the gully.

BUD CLIMBED out. He knew without a second look that Slim was finished. Joe would be able to navigate later.

Bud tested arms and legs gingerly, then dug out a couple of hunks of wire and bound Joe carefully, pulling his ankles up and wiring them to his hands behind his back.

It wasn't far back to the house. Bud gripped the gun in his hand as he crawled through a window, found the door leading into the room where Nick waited. It was still inside there and he gripped the knob, turned it gently, stepped through. . .

For a second there was silence, then Nick stood up slowly, his face greying a little at sight of the gun, Bud's disheveled appearance. Bud warned, "Start something and you'll get a one-way ticket to blazes!"

Nick snarled, "You—what happened? You're crazy—"

"Slim's finished," Bud interrupted. "You're washed up, too. I didn't have anything on you before, but now—"

Nick's hand tried for his gun. It was desperate, a chance only a cornered, guilty man would take. Nick's hand flashed out .

Bud jerked the trigger. The gun kicked, flicked flame, a breath of bluish smoke.

Nick grabbed his arm, sagged into a chair, head hanging.

"Catch your breath," Bud said. "Get ready to take a walk into town to the police. They'll be glad to meet you. What a laugh it'll give them to know you think Americans are boneheads!" Bud fished another length of wire out of his pocket. He asked softly, "Or do you still think so?"

THE END

Miss AMERICA
WHO IS MISS AMERICA? WHAT STRANGE, MAJESTIC POWER GUIDES HER TO SUCH MAGNIFICENT HEIGHTS AND FEATS OF STRENGTH? HOW CAN ONE GIRL--YOUNG, SLIM, BEAUTIFUL--BATTLE THE EVIL FORCES THAT OPPRESS OUR WAR-TORN WORLD TODAY? A BRILLIANT EXPERIMENT LEADS TO THE DARING ADVENTURES OF MISS AMERICA in "SCOURGE OF THE NAZIS!"

INTRODUCING MADELINE JOYCE, TEEN-AGE WINSOME WARD OF JAMES BENNET, THE RADIO TYCOON! MADELINE'S SUNNY DISPOSITION AND HABIT OF CHAMPIONING THE CAUSE OF THE LITTLE FELLOW, ARE INHERITED FROM HER FATHER, JAMES BENNETS' WORLD TRAVELING PARTNER!
MADELINE AND HER GUARDIAN, JAMES BENNET ARE LEAVING THEIR PALATIAL LONG ISLAND HOME TO VISIT THE ELECTRICAL EXPERIMENTAL STATION, SPONSORED BY BENNET TO DEVISE A METHOD OF LESSENING MAN'S BURDENS BY HARNESSING NATURE'S ELECTRICAL ENERGIES!
ISN'T THAT JAMES BENNET AND MISS MADELINE?
YES! MISS MADELINE IS THE SWEETEST, KINDEST PERSON I KNOW! ALWAYS "DOING" FOR SOMEONE!
BYE, BYE, MIKE!
1256
I WONDER WHY PROFESSOR LAWSON WAS SO EXCITED ON THE TELEPHONE? I HOPE NOTHING HAS GONE WRONG WITH THE EXPERIMENT! IT WILL BE SUCH A HELP TO HUMANITY!
MY FATHER WOULD HAVE FELT THE SAME WAY YOU DO, UNCLE JIM! I WISH I COULD DO MORE!
IF I ONLY WERE A MAN! I COULD DO SO MUCH IF I HAD A MAN'S STRENGTH --- THE WORLD NEEDS SOMEONE!
AS THEY'RE DRIVING THRU TOWN, MADELINE SUDDENLY ASKS HER GUARDIAN TO STOP THE CAR!
I'LL TEACH YA TO SELL YOUR OLD PAPERS ON DIS CORNER!
STOP THE CAR, UNCLE JIM! LOOK AT THAT BOY HURTING A CRIPPLE--DON'T HIT HIM!
1256

YOU BULLY! WHY DON'T YOU PICK ON SOMEONE YOUR OWN SIZE!
G'WAN, BEAT IT, SISTER!
AW! ALL RIGHT! I'LL GIVE THE CRY-BABY HIS CORNER BACK!
YOU'RE EXACTLY LIKE YOUR FATHER, MADELINE! ALWAYS HELPING THE UNDERDOG!
IT MAKES ME MAD, UNCLE JIM, THAT I CAN ONLY HELP PEOPLE IN A SMALL WAY! THAT BULLY REALLY NEEDED A THRASHING!
JAMES BENNET AND MADELINE CONTINUE THEIR WAY TO THE LABORATORY----
THERE'S THE LAB, MADELINE! WE'LL BE THERE IN A FEW MINUTES! I WONDER WHAT PROFESSOR LAWSON WANTS?
IT'S AN IMPOSING LOOKING BUILDING, UNCLE JIM!
1250
INSIDE THE HUGE EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY....
AH! THERE HE IS WAVING AT US!
HE WANTS US TO COME UP THERE!
LATER...THE SCIENTIST MAKES A STARTLING REVELATION TO HIS SPONSOR!
COME, MAN! YOU DON'T MEAN TO TELL ME THAT CONTRAPTION DEFIES GRAVITY--IT GIVES YOU POWER TO FLY!
IT IS TRUE! NOT ONLY THAT--IT WILL GIVE MAN THE POWER OF A THOUSAND MEN! LET ME TELL YOU OF MY EXPERIENCE!

IT HAPPENED DURING AN ELECTRICAL STORM ONE NIGHT--I CAME UP HERE AND STARTED TO WORK! I TURNED ON THE POWER AND WAS WORKING INSIDE THE CYLINDER WHEN A FORCE SMOTE ME---I FELT THAT MY HEART WOULD BURST AND I LOST CONSCIOUSNESS---WHEN I REGAINED MY SENSES, I REALIZED THAT MY BRAIN HAD ACQUIRED REMARKABLE PERCEPTION!
AND MY EYES COULD PIERCE SOLIDS! ALARMED, I BACKED OFF THE CAT-WALK AND--FLOATED IN THE AIR! I TRIED TO REACH THE FLOOR--AND I DID--AT WILL!
I THINK YOU NEED A VACATION! OVERWORK!
BENNET, ALARMED AT THE INTEREST DISPLAYED BY HIS WARD, TURNS TO GO!
I TOUCHED THE DOOR AND IT FELL APART! IT WAS HORRIBLE-HORRIBLE!
HA! HA! BETTER NOT EAT AT NIGHT! WHAT A DREAM! SAY, WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE! SOUNDS LIKE A STORM COMING UP!
THAT NIGHT, THE PROFESSOR'S WORDS KEEP REPEATING IN MADELINE'S MIND!
IT HAPPENED DURING A STORM---I COULD FLY---WHAT STRENGTH---MENTAL PERCEPTION!
I THINK I'LL GO BACK TO THE LABORATORY!
AND BORN OUT OF THE DESIRE TO HELP THE POOR AND OPPRESSED--COMES AN UNSEEN HAND TO GUIDE MADELINE TO THE WEIRD LABORATORY!

INSIDE THE LABORATORY, THE SCIENTIST BROODS IN HIS OFFICE.....
I CAN'T GO ON! NO MAN HAS THE RIGHT TO TAMPER WITH SUCH POWERS! WHAT THE--? SOMEONE IS IN THE LAB!
RING! RING!
THE SCIENTIST RACES INTO THE HUGE LABORATORY!
GOOD HEAVENS! SOMEONE IS IN THE CYLINDER! THE DRAW BRIDGE IS UP AND THE POWER IS ON FULL SPEED!
AFTER TURNING OFF THE POWER--LAWSON LOWERS THE DRAWBRIDGE AND DASHES TO OPEN THE CYLINDER!
THE CYLINDER! MUST HAVE TURNED ON THE POWER FROM THE INSIDE! MY GOD--- ITS---
PROFESSOR LAWSON, DISCOVERING THE UNCONSCIOUS MADELINE IN THE CYLINDER, THINKS SHE IS DEAD..... HIS TIRED OVERWORKED BRAIN SNAPS!
MADELINE! HOW CAN I FACE JAMES BENNET AFTER THIS? THIS IS THE RESULT OF EXPERIMENTS BEYOND MY CONTROL! THIS MACHINE MUST BE DESTROYED!
AND OUT OF THE LIGHTNING, WIND AND RAIN--- EVEN AS THE SCIENTIST DESTROYS HIMSELF AND HIS MACHINE, THE RESULT OF HIS GREAT EXPERIMENT LIVES ON----
I'M A FAILURE! MY MISTAKES MUST NEVER BE KNOWN!
ONE WEEK LATER..... MADELINE JOYCE BEGINS HER ADVENTUROUS CAREER AS MISS AMERICA!

MADELINE JOYCE, HAPPY IN THE SECRET OF HER NEW FOUND POWERS, LEAVES HER HOME TO DRIVE TO TOWN---
AND SUDDENLY.... AS SHE DRIVES INTO TOWN---
MY GOODNESS! THAT OLD MAN WILL BE HIT BY THAT TRUCK! HE'LL BE KILLED!
SSCREEEEECH!
WITHOUT A THOUGHT FOR HER OWN SAFETY, MADELINE SWERVES HER CAR DANGEROUSLY TO SAVE THE DAZED OLD MAN!
MADELINE LEADS THE OLD MAN, WHO IS SHAKEN BUT UNHURT, TO A STEP TO REST!
THAT'S FUNNY! THAT TRUCK DIDN'T EVEN SLOW DOWN!
THANK YOU, MISS! YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE! I DIDN'T EVEN SEE THE TRUCK!
SECONDS LATER....THE MAN'S WIFE RUSHES INTO THE SCENE---
I WAS LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW WHEN YOU SAVED HIM! OUR SON WAS HURT AT THE DEFENSE PLANT--HE'S NOT BEEN THE SAME! HE KEEPS MUMBLING OF QUEER DOINGS AT THE PLANT!
HMM--DEFENSE PLANT?? THIS IS WORTH LOOKING INTO!

ON THE WAY TO THE DEFENSE PLANT--MADELINE DUCKS INTO A DESERTED ALLEY!
I THINK MISS AMERICA CAN HANDLE THIS JOB!
WITH SPEED THAT WOULD SHAME THE WIND---MISS AMERICA DASHES THRU THE YARD OF THE DEFENSE PLANT AND INTO THE STEEL MILL!
SWISH-H-H-H
WHAT THE? SOMETHING PASSED JUST NOW--OR AM I CRAZY!
WHAT WAS THAT?
MEANWHILE....WITHIN THE MILL---
THERE'S THAT FOREMAN! I'LL MAKE IT LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT!
AT THE EXACT MOMENT THAT THE "KILLER" RELEASES THE CATCH THAT TIPS THE CAULDRON OF MOLTEN STEEL--MISS AMERICA APPEARS ON THE SCENE!
THAT MAN BELOW--
FIRST I'LL PUSH HIM GENTLY OUT OF THE WAY OF THAT MOLTEN STEEL AND THEN---
NOW TO FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT! WHY, IT'S---
WHAT THE??
DON'T MISS THE NEXT THRILLING CHAPTER! CAN MISS AMERICA BATTLE OVER-POWERING ODDS TO DEFEAT THE DIABOLICAL PLANS TO WRECK THE DEFENSE PLANT!
"CONT. NEXT MONTH!

The PATRIOT
JEFF MACE, THE PATRIOT RETURNS TO THESE PAGES AFTER AN EXTENDED VACATION TO FIND THAT THE TOUGHEST CASE HE EVER BATTLED IS THAT OF THE
BLACK MAMBA MURDER
IN THE HOME OF MARTIN HUGHS' RETIRED BANKER AND PRESENT CURATOR OF THE MUSEUM.
HMMM! YES - - - THAT DOES IT - -
SUDDENLY - - - -
YIEEEEGH!!

THE BUTLER ENTERS
MR. HUGHS-- SIR! WHAT'S HAPPENED- OH! ---
AND MINUTES LATER, JEFF MACE, ACE REPORTER AND BETTER KNOWN AS THE PATRIOT, RECEIVES A CALL--
WHAT? --- MARTIN HUGHS DEAD --- BE RIGHT OVER---
NO TIME IS WASTED--AND JEFF ARRIVES AT THE HUGHS' MANSION!
WHERE DID IT HAPPEN?
IN THE STUDY, MR. MACE -- THE CORONER IS IN THERE NOW MAKING A REPORT!
POISON?
RIGHT! HOW'D YOU KNOW?
ONE LOOK AT HIS PUFFED-UP BODY IS SUFFICIENT PROOF--- HOW DID IT HAPPEN?
IT'S HARD TO SAY-- NO MARKS ON HIS BODY BUT IT WASN'T TAKEN INTERNALLY!
WELL NO WONDER--- LOOK! IT WAS INJECTED BETWEEN HIS TOES--- STRANGE PLACE-- THERE'S A HOLE THERE-- LOOKS MORE LIKE A BITE THOUGH!
HMM- WHAT'S THIS-- A HOLE IN THE FLOOR BY THE DESK---

JEFF MAKES NO MENTION OF HIS FIND AS A DETECTIVE SPEAKS ...
THE THING THAT GOT US IS THIS WILL HE WAS WRITING WHEN THIS HAPPENED ... IT LEAVES TEN PERCENT TO HIS DAUGHTER, FORTY PERCENT TO HIS BUTLER, AND THE REST TO CHARITY!
DOES SOUND ODD!
THE BUTLER SPEAKS ---
MR. HUGHS ALWAYS THOUGHT HIGHLY OF ME ---HE DISOWNED HIS DAUGHTER WHEN SHE MARRIED AGAINST HIS WISHES AND LEFT HOME!
SOUNDS LOGICAL!
LOGICAL PERHAPS, BUT NOT ETHICAL! WONDER WHERE HIS DAUGHTER IS?
JUST THEN--
I'M MRS. CHECK, MR HUGH'S DAUGHTER. THE POLICE WIRED ME -- I CAME AS SOON AS POSSIBLE --.
YOU'D BETTER NOT LOOK AT HIM, MISS!
SO THAT'S MARTIN'S DAUGHTER!
MY LAWYER TOLD ME ABOUT THE WILL -- NATURALLY, I'LL CONTEST IT IN COURT! I'M CERTAIN HAROLD WAS BEHIND THAT!
YOU'RE ACCUSING ME -- TO COVER YOURSELF!
DON'T GET UPSET, YOU'RE IN THE CLEAR SO FAR!
GOOD FIGHT GOING ON UP HERE -- BUT I'M GOING TO TAKE A LOOK IN THE CELLAR -- AS THE PATRIOT!
THANK YOU -- BUT I WON'T HAVE HER THROWING SUSPICION AT ME!
THAT HOLE IN THE FLOOR MIGHT BE THE KEY TO THE WHOLE MYSTERY!
3

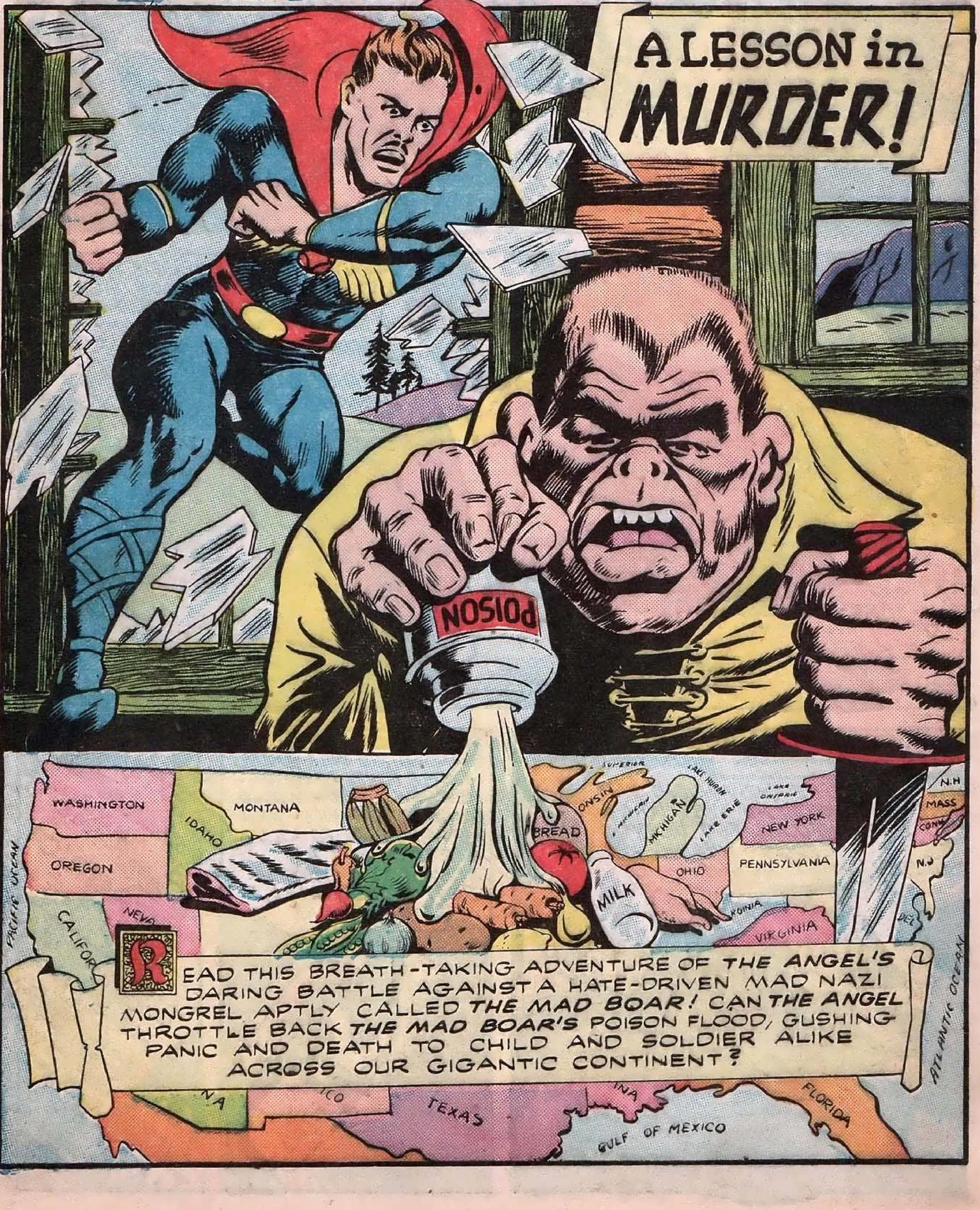
WELL I'LL BE -- I DIDN'T KNOW HUGHS COLLECTED SNAKES --- LIVE ONES!
AND THIS LADDER -- THERE'S A HOLE --- MUST BE DIRECTLY AT THE POINT WHERE THE DESK IS PLACED ON THE FLOOR ABOVE!
MMM -- A POISONOUS SNAKE COULD HAVE BEEN FORCED THROUGH THIS --- AND A SNAKE BITE WOULD LEAVE MARKS OF THE TYPE I FOUND ON HUGHS' FOOT!
SUDDENLY A WEAVING FORM SLITHERS DOWN THROUGH THE HOLE WHICH PATRIOT IS INSPECTING!
GREAT HEAVENS! A BLACK MAMBA!
NOT A SECOND TOO SOON!
CRASH
SHISSSS!
THE SNAKE STOPS SHORT -- COILS ...
THAT PIPE IS MY ONLY CHANCE --
.. AND LEAPS!
HERE GOES!

THAT SNAKE WAS MR. HUGHS' MURDERER, BUT SOMEONE --- SOME HUMAN MUST HAVE PLANNED AND EXECUTED THIS PLOT!
AND THAT PERSON WAS SOMEONE WHO KNEW HIS WAY ABOUT HERE!
THE PATRIOT ENTERS THE DEATH ROOM!!
GLORY BE IT'S THE PATRIOT!
?
WHERE'S THE GIRL?
SUDDENLY...
HELP! EEEEEEE
MARION!
UPSTAIRS!
PATRIOT RACES TO THE SOURCE OF THE SCREAM!
I HOPE I'M IN TIME -- I SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT HER ALONE!
HELP --- I --- CAN'T--
LET GO!

THE PATRIOT LUNGES FORWARD AND FINDS THE GIRL'S ATTACKER IS A MASKED MAN.'
HANDS OFF, MURDERER!
THE DESPERATE MAN RECOVERS QUICKLY AND HURLS A SMALL TABLE AT THE PATRIOT.'
MEDDLING FOOL, YOU ASKED FOR IT---
OW!
TAKE THAT!
SO! LEAVING, EH!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU LATER!!
THE KILLER JUMPS OFF THE BALUSTRADE INTO THE GARDEN
YOU'RE NOT GETTING FAR THIS TIME!
FOOL! FOLLOW ME TO YOUR DOOM!
THE PATRIOT FOLLOWS SWIFTLY---
HMMM---HE'S OUT OF SIGHT! THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE---
JUST AS I THOUGHT... BACK TO THE CELLAR.. TO COMMIT MORE MURDER!!!

FEARLESSLY THE PATRIOT ENTERS THE CELLAR AFTER THE KILLER.
GOOD GOSH!
HA! YOU'RE DOOMED, PATRIOT! HAVE A DOSE OF POISONED SNAKES!
BUT THE PATRIOT GRABS A HAMMER AND THROWS IT!
AIEEEEEEEEE!!!
CRASH!
OHHHHHAAGHHHH!
FOOL.. HE BROUGHT IT ON HIMSELF..
CAUTIOUSLY, PATRIOT LIFTS THE DEADLY SNAKES INTO A GLASS CAGE --- HIS HEAVY GLOVES PROTECTING HIM FROM THEIR VENOM!
THERE! GOT THEM ALL!
LOOK! IT'S THE PATRIOT - HE GOT THE KILLER!
THE DETECTIVE TURNS THE CORPSE AROUND TO LOOK AT HIS FACE.
WHY IT'S THE BUTLER!
RIGHT! HE KNEW HUGHS WAS MAKING OUT HIS WILL SO HE PLANNED ALL THIS VERY CAREFULLY.. KILLING POOR HUGHS...
THEN HAROLD CHANGED THE WILL GIVING HIMSELF FORTY PERCENT.. HE KNEW MARION WOULD CONTEST THE WILL - AND HE WAS READY TO KILL HER TOO.. BUT AS ALWAYS, YOU CAN'T BEAT CRIME! WELL, I MUST BE GOING NOW...
EXTRA
DAILY SUN
EXTRA EDITION
THE PATRIOT RETURNS--
SOLVES BAFFLING HUGHS' MURDER CASE
MARTIN HUGH POISONED GREEDY BUTLER
EXTRA

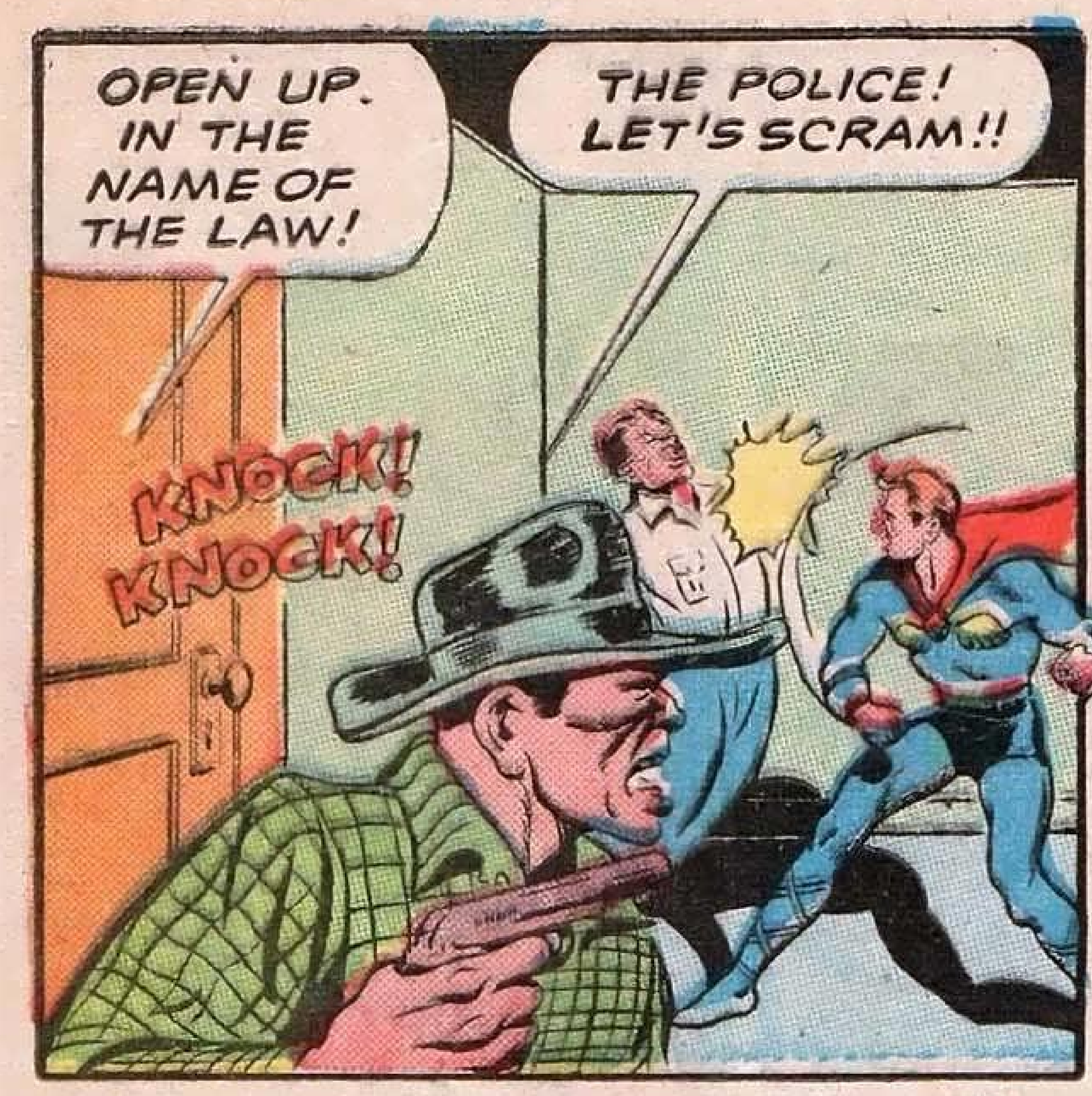
The ANGEL

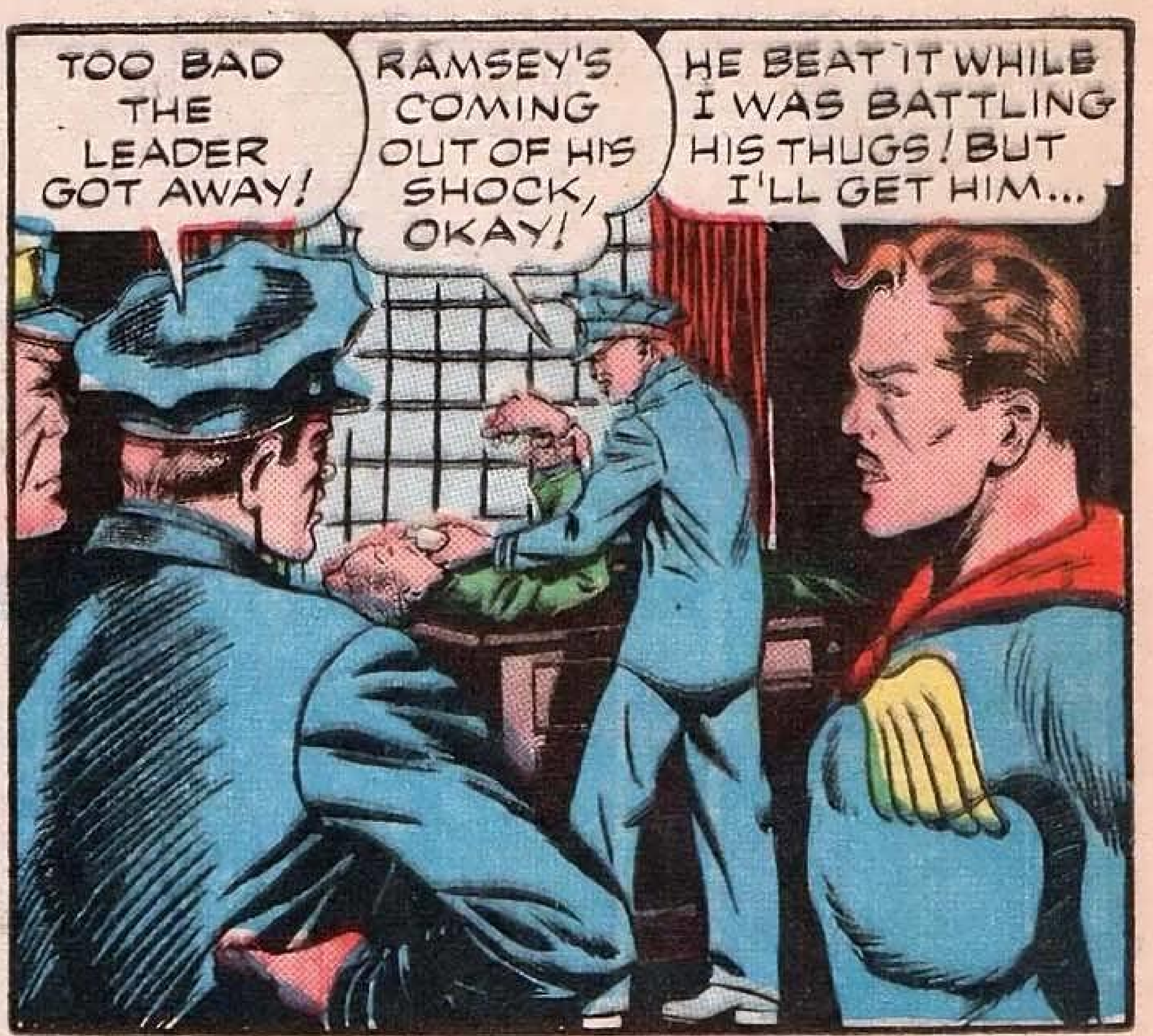

A LESSON in MURDER!
POISON
WASHINGTON
MONTANA
IDAHO
OREGON
PACIFIC OCEAN
NEVA
CALIFOR
SUPERIOR
LAKE HURON
LAKE ONTARIO
MICHIGAN
LAKE ERIE
BREAD
MILK
NEW YORK
PENNSYLVANIA
OHIO
VIRGINIA
N.H
MASS
CONN
N.J
DEL
READ THIS BREATH-TAKING ADVENTURE OF THE ANGEL'S DARING BATTLE AGAINST A HATE-DRIVEN MAD NAZI MONGREL APTLY CALLED THE MAD BOAR! CAN THE ANGEL THROTTLE BACK THE MAD BOAR'S POISON FLOOD, GUSHING PANIC AND DEATH TO CHILD AND SOLDIER ALIKE ACROSS OUR GIGANTIC CONTINENT?
ATLANTIC OCEAN
TEXAS
FLORIDA
GULF OF MEXICO

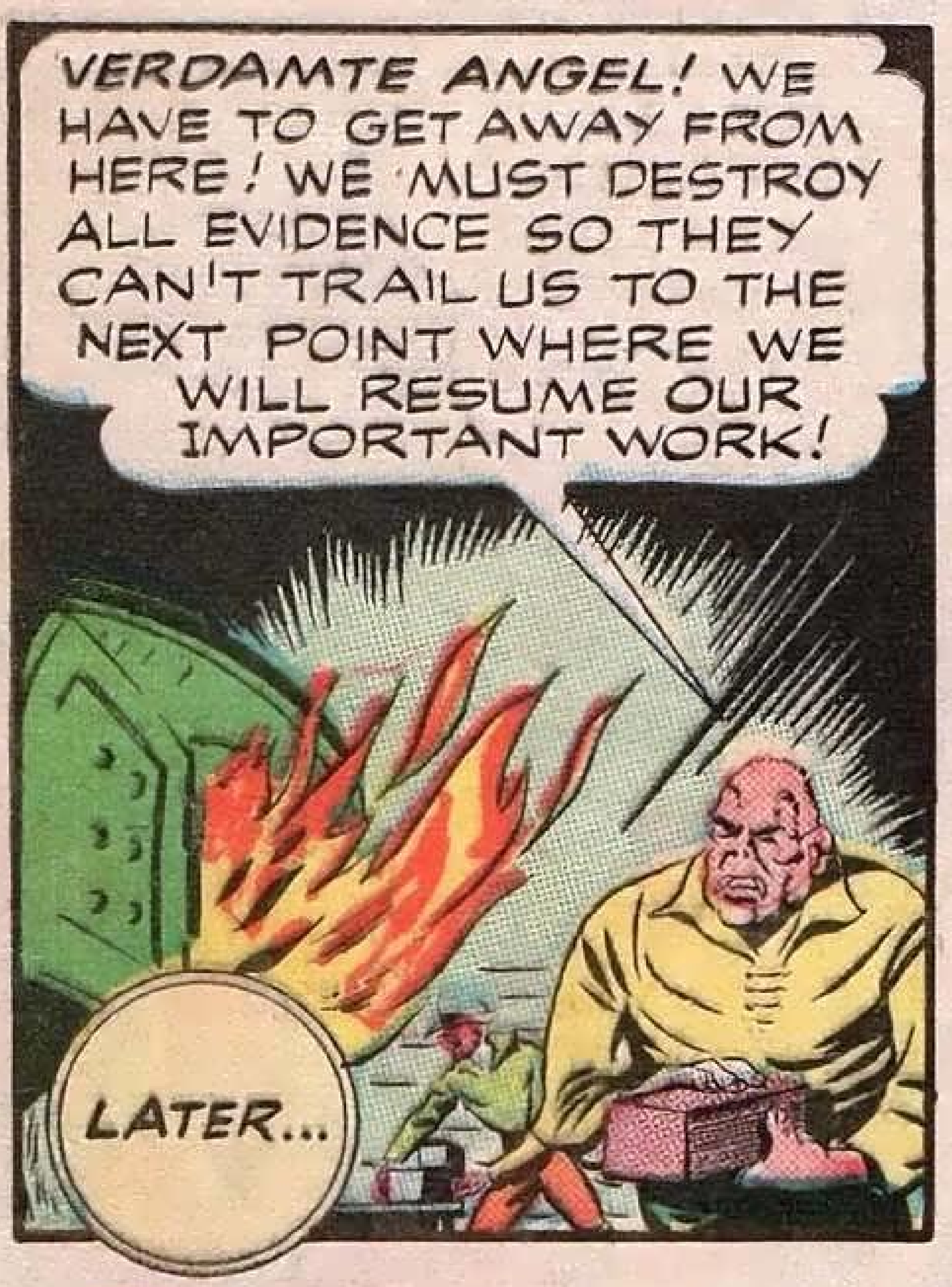
SOMEWHERE NEAR THE CANADIAN-AMERICAN BORDER •• IN THE FAR NORTHWEST...
THERE YA ARE! YOU AMERICAN INDIANS DRIVE A HARD BARGAIN JUST FOR LETTING MY MEN EXAMINE A FEW OF THE SALMON YOU FISH FOR!
YOU SAY KEEP MOUTH SHUT... GOVERNMENT SECRET! I DO... YOU PAY! NO LIKE... NO COME AGAIN!
WHERE YA GOIN', ONE LAMP LOUIE?
FOR THE REFUND, BOAR!
LATER, ON A LONE TRAIL, LOUIE COLLECTS!
BANG!
I WILL TEACH ALL THOSE STUPID AMERICANS WHAT REAL TERROR AND MURDER IS! MILLIONS SHALL DIE! SOON EVERY MORSEL OF FOOD THEY EAT WILL MEAN INSTANT DEATH! THEN FOR A PLASTIC SURGERY JOB BY THE WORLD'S BEST SURGEONS! GOT THE DOUGH, LOUIE?
YEP!
THE ANGEL PONDERS THE HEADLINES...
THOUSANDS STRICKEN IN ARMY CAMPS AND CITIES... GOVERNMENT TRACES SOURCE TO FISH CANNERIES... HM... I WONDER?
RIO
CANNE
STAR HERALD
THOUSANDS DIE FROM FOOD POISONING
LATER... IN THE POLICE LAB...
THEN IT COULD BE SOME OTHER POISON?
YES! WHILE EVERYTHING POINTS TO SOME POSSIBLE DEFECT IN THE CANNING PROCESS THAT WOULD RESULT IN THE FOOD SPOILING... CAUSING PTOMAINE!

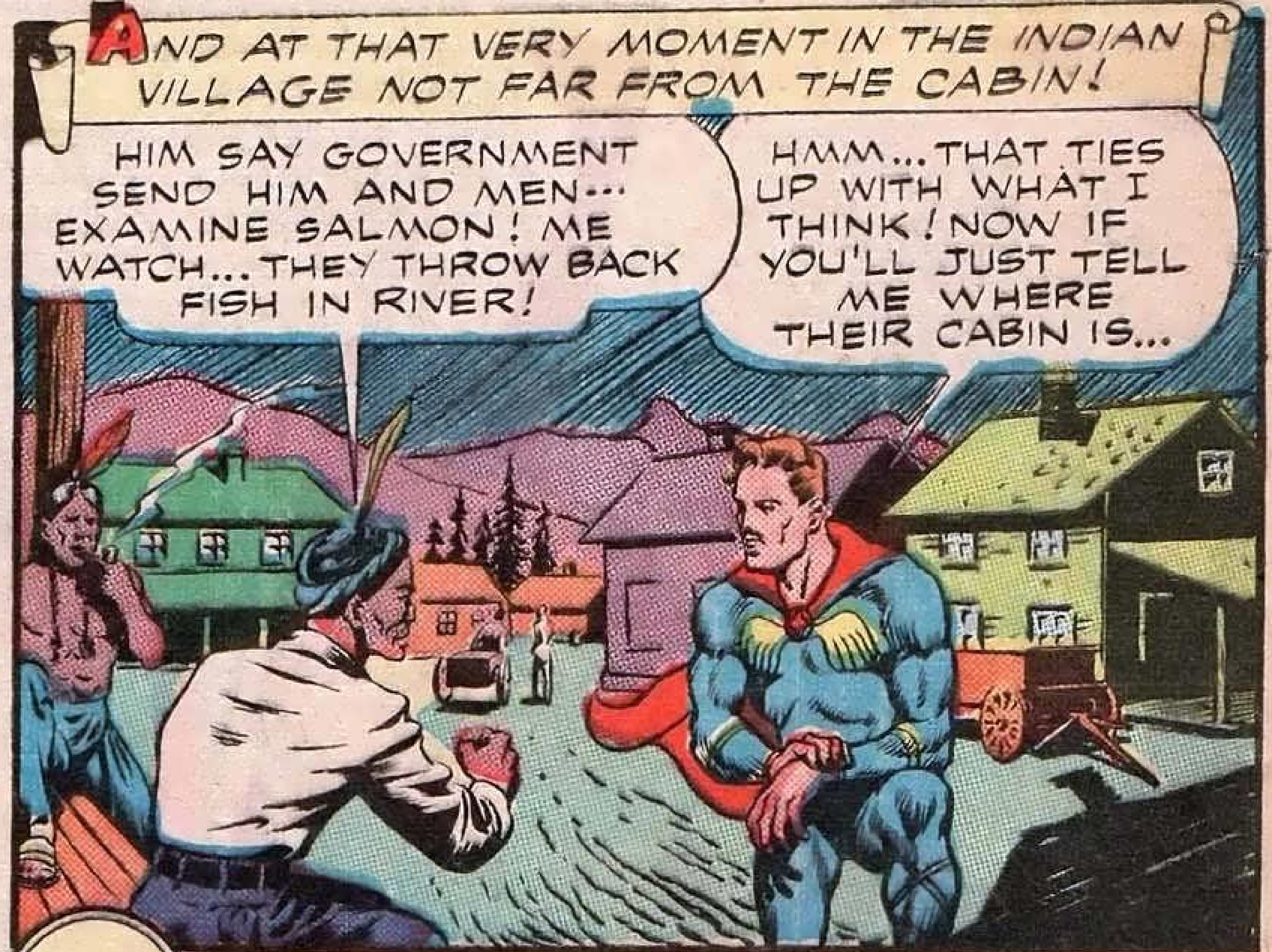
THE ANGEL NEXT STEPS INTO THE POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE NEXT DOOR...
HELLO, ANGEL! MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE WHILE I ANSWER THE PHONE!
B-RING! RING!
MY LIFE IS IN DANGER! I'M BEING SHADOWED...AND I INSIST THAT YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!
YES, MR. RAMSEY, DEAR! I'LL SEND DOWN A COUPLE OF MEN TO TUCK YOU IN FOR THE NIGHT! HA! HA! HA!
THAT'S THE THIRD TIME THAT GUY CALLED! JUST BECAUSE HE'S HEARD OF THE CANNERY, HE THINKS THAT... NOW, WHERE THE HECK DID THE ANGEL GO?
WANTED
MINUTES LATER... AT RAMSEY'S HOME...
NO! YOU'LL KILL ME IF I WRITE THAT NOTE!
HA! HA! EITHER WAY YOU DIE! QUICK AND MERCIFUL IF YOU WRITE... SLOW AND TORTUROUS IF YOU DON'T!
DEAL ME IN, RATS!
YOU FIRST, UGLY DUCKLING!
GET HIM, BOYS!
OKAY, BOSS!
YOU'RE TOO SLOW ON THE DRAW, ONE EYE!
LOOK OUT FOR THE BOAR!

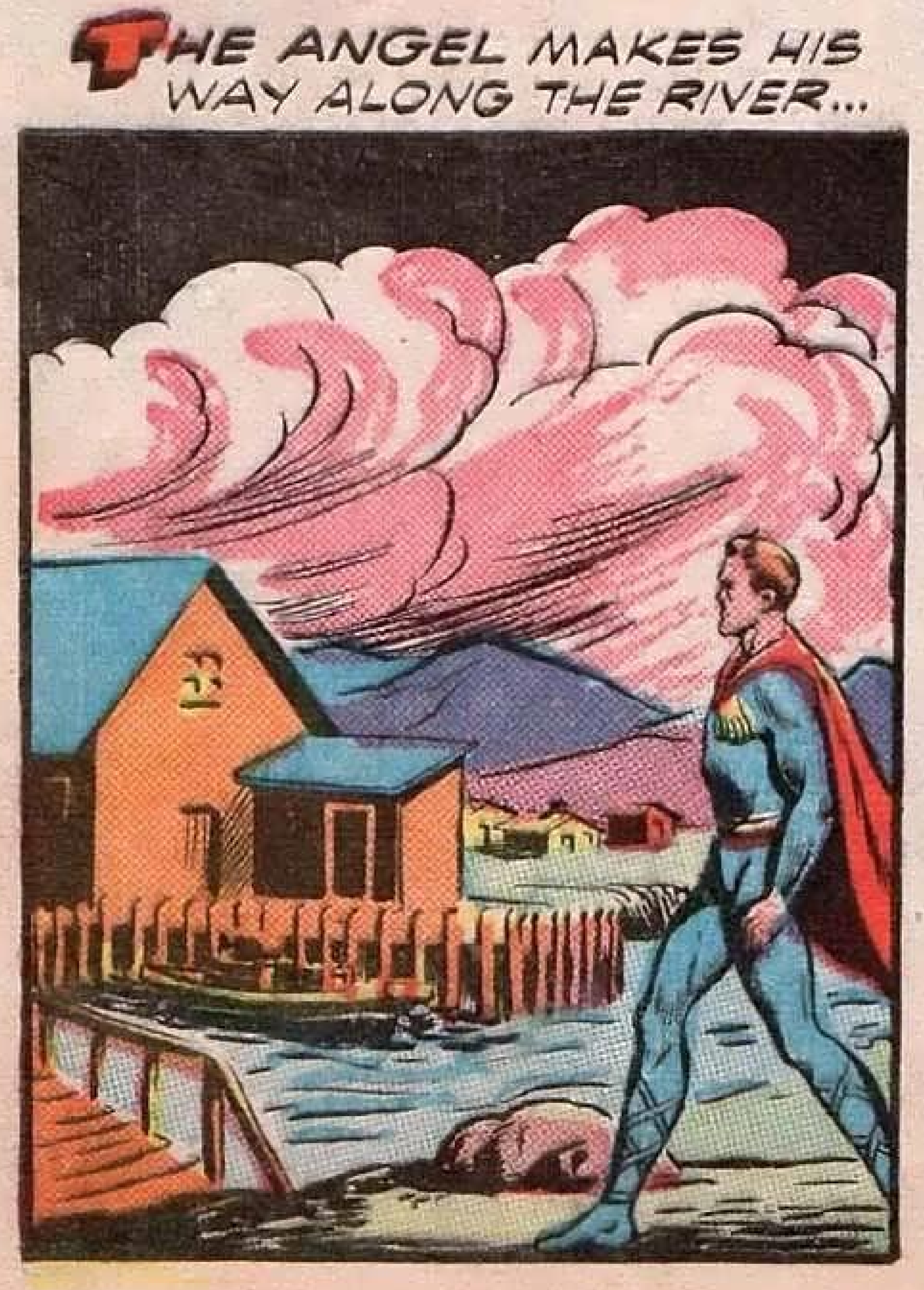
THAT WILL TEACH YOU, YANKEE SWINE!!
HE'S OUT COLD, BOSS! SHALL I FINISH HIM OFF?
LET'S GET THIS SUICIDE NOTE WRITTEN FIRST!
ALL RIGHT, RAMSEY... START WRITIN', OR WE START KNIFIN'!!
It is all my fault! I can't go on... my conscience won't let me rest. All those dead people are haunting me! Ramsey
CLEVER, EH? THAT'LL KEEP THE SNOOPING POLICE FROM LOOKING FOR US!
ALL RIGHT, RAMSEY! HERE'S YOUR REWARD! SHOOT WITH YOUR OWN GUN OR WE START KNIFING YOU TO DEATH---LITTLE BY LITTLE!
NO...NO! I CAN'T! I CAN'T!
UNKNOWN TO THE THUGS, THE ANGEL COMES TO!
THEN WE'LL HELP YOU! WE GOT TO GET YOUR FINGERPRINTS ON THIS GUN AND TIME IS GETTING SHORT!
TOO SHORT FOR YOU TO CARRY OUT YOUR DIRT, RATS!
4

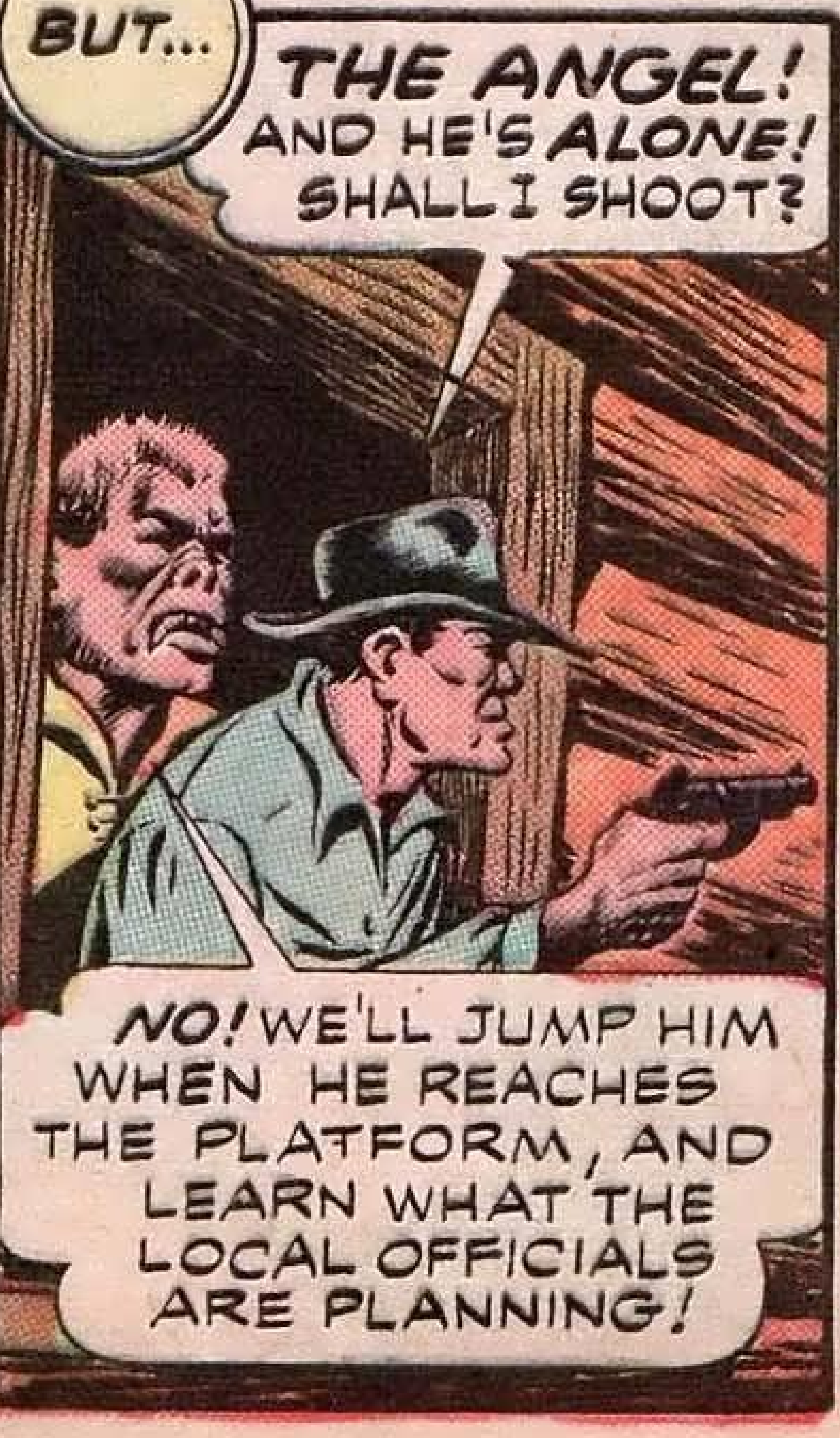

OPEN UP. IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!
THE POLICE! LET'S SCRAM!!
KNOCK! KNOCK!

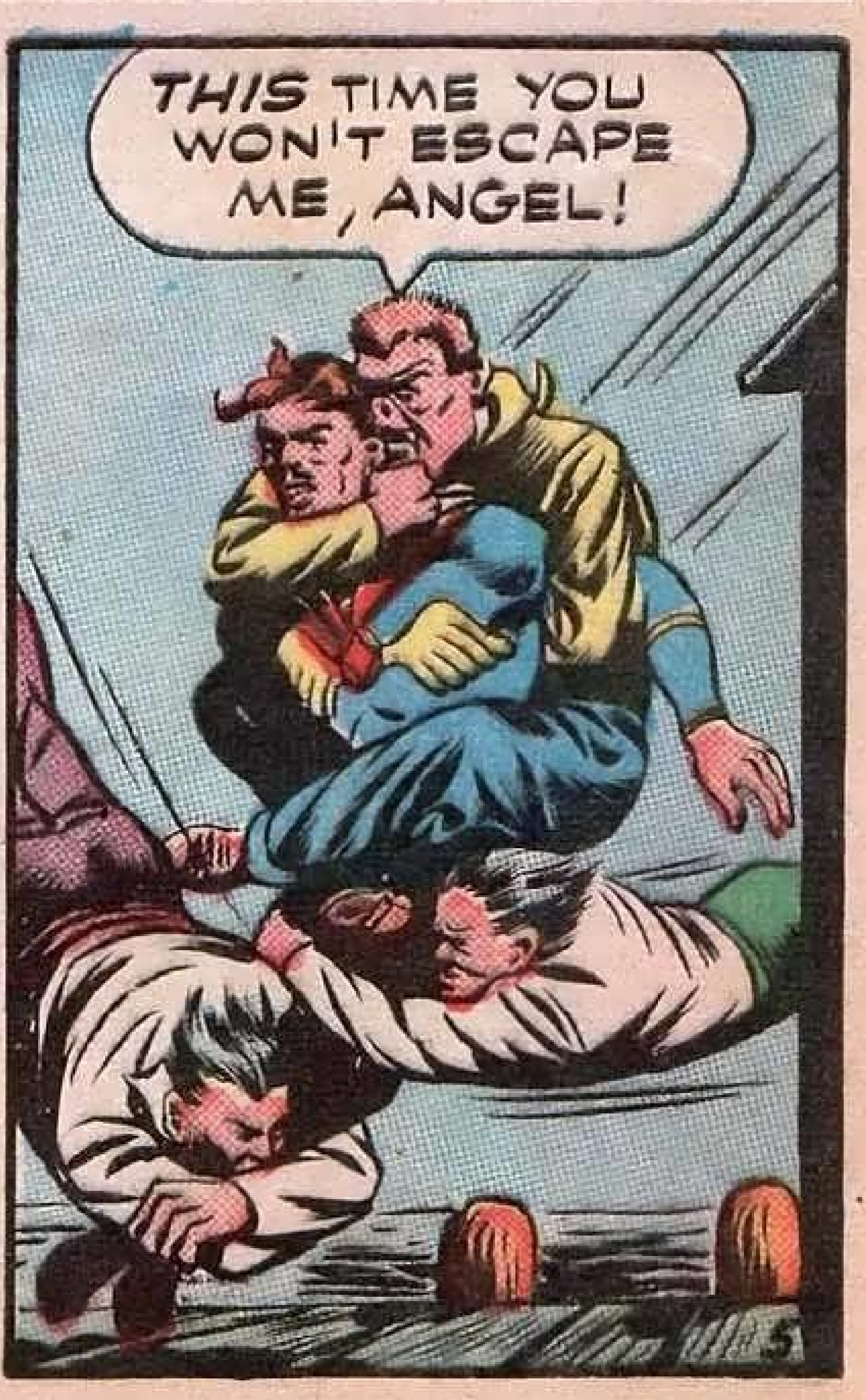

TOO BAD THE LEADER GOT AWAY!
RAMSEY'S COMING OUT OF HIS SHOCK, OKAY!
HE BEAT IT WHILE I WAS BATTLING HIS THUGS! BUT I'LL GET HIM...


VERDAMTE ANGEL! WE HAVE TO GET AWAY FROM HERE! WE MUST DESTROY ALL EVIDENCE SO THEY CAN'T TRAIL US TO THE NEXT POINT WHERE WE WILL RESUME OUR IMPORTANT WORK!
LATER...


AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT IN THE INDIAN VILLAGE NOT FAR FROM THE CABIN!
HIM SAY GOVERNMENT SEND HIM AND MEN... EXAMINE SALMON! ME WATCH... THEY THROW BACK FISH IN RIVER!
HMM... THAT TIES UP WITH WHAT I THINK! NOW IF YOU'LL JUST TELL ME WHERE THEIR CABIN IS...


THE ANGEL MAKES HIS WAY ALONG THE RIVER...


BUT...
THE ANGEL! AND HE'S ALONE! SHALL I SHOOT?
NO! WE'LL JUMP HIM WHEN HE REACHES THE PLATFORM, AND LEARN WHAT THE LOCAL OFFICIALS ARE PLANNING!


THIS TIME YOU WON'T ESCAPE ME, ANGEL!

THE BOAR TIES THE ANGEL IN THE REFRIGERATION ROOM OF THE CANNERY!
THE OFFICIALS WILL KNOW BETTER THAN TO LOOK FOR THE BOAR WHEN YOU'RE FOUND FROZEN TO DEATH HERE, AFTER A HORSE-WHIPPING!
WE BETTER GO! MAYBE THE ANGEL TOLD THE POLICE AND THEY'LL...
YAH! SOON AS I MAKE SURE THAT THE WHOLE SALMON RUN IS SPOILED! GET THE CAR...I'LL MEET YOU!
THOSE BURLAP BAGS GIVE ME AN IDEA! I'D BETTER WORK FAST!
MEANWHILE...
WITH GREAT PAIN TO HIS WRISTS, THE ANGEL DEFTLY DEPOSITS THE BURLAP BAGS ON THE PIPE!
NOW TO DO SOME POWERFUL SWINGING!
THAT SACK WILL KEEP ME FROM FREEZING TO THE PIPE WHEN I LAND THERE!
THE ANGEL WORKS SWIFTLY AT HIS BONDS!
FREE! NOW TO GET THAT PRODUCT OF DRACULA'S DREAM!

NOW THEY'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT CAUSED THE -- WHAT THE ...!!? AM I SEEING GHOSTS, OR IS THAT THE ANGEL COMING UP THE PATH?
FANCY MEETING YOU HERE, PIG FACE!!
ONE OF US ISN'T GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE, AND IT WON'T BE ME, ANGEL!
AS LONG AS ONE OF US IS GOING TO DIE... DON'T YOU WANT THIS FIGHT FAIR? SURE YOU DO!
OH-OH! TOO MUCH FOLLOW THROUGH ON THAT BLOW!
THE BOAR IS QUICK TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF HIS OPPORTUNITY--
OVER YOU GO TO MEET YOUR CREATOR, ANGEL!
THE ANGEL IS JUST AS QUICK A THINKER!
YOU ALMOST HAD ME THERE, GRUESOME! NOW BEHAVE WHILE I GET UP... AND WE'LL START ALL OVER AGAIN!
BUT AS THE ANGEL STARTS UP, THE BOAR LETS HIM HAVE IT!

SECONDS LATER BOTH ARE CARRIED UNDERWATER BY THE FORCE OF THE PLUNGE!
THE BOAR MAKES A PASS AT THE ANGEL AS THEY ARE SWEPT DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO THE FALLS...
I'D BETTER LAY YOU OUT NOW, OR WE'LL BOTH BE GONERS!
AS THE ANGEL FIGHTS THE CURRENT, A MOUNTIE ON THE TRAIL OF THE BOAR CATCHES UP!
GRAB A LINE, ANGEL! WAS THAT THE BOAR GOING OVER?
YEAH... SORRY I COULDN'T GET HIM ALIVE!
LATER...
I'D LIKE TO BET THIS STUFF IS SOME KIND OF POISON!
AND YOU'D WIN! THAT'S THE STUFF THEY USED TO POISON THE SALMON THAT THEY THREW BACK IN THE RIVER! AND THESE CONTAMINATED THE WHOLE PACK THAT WENT INTO THE CANS!
THE END

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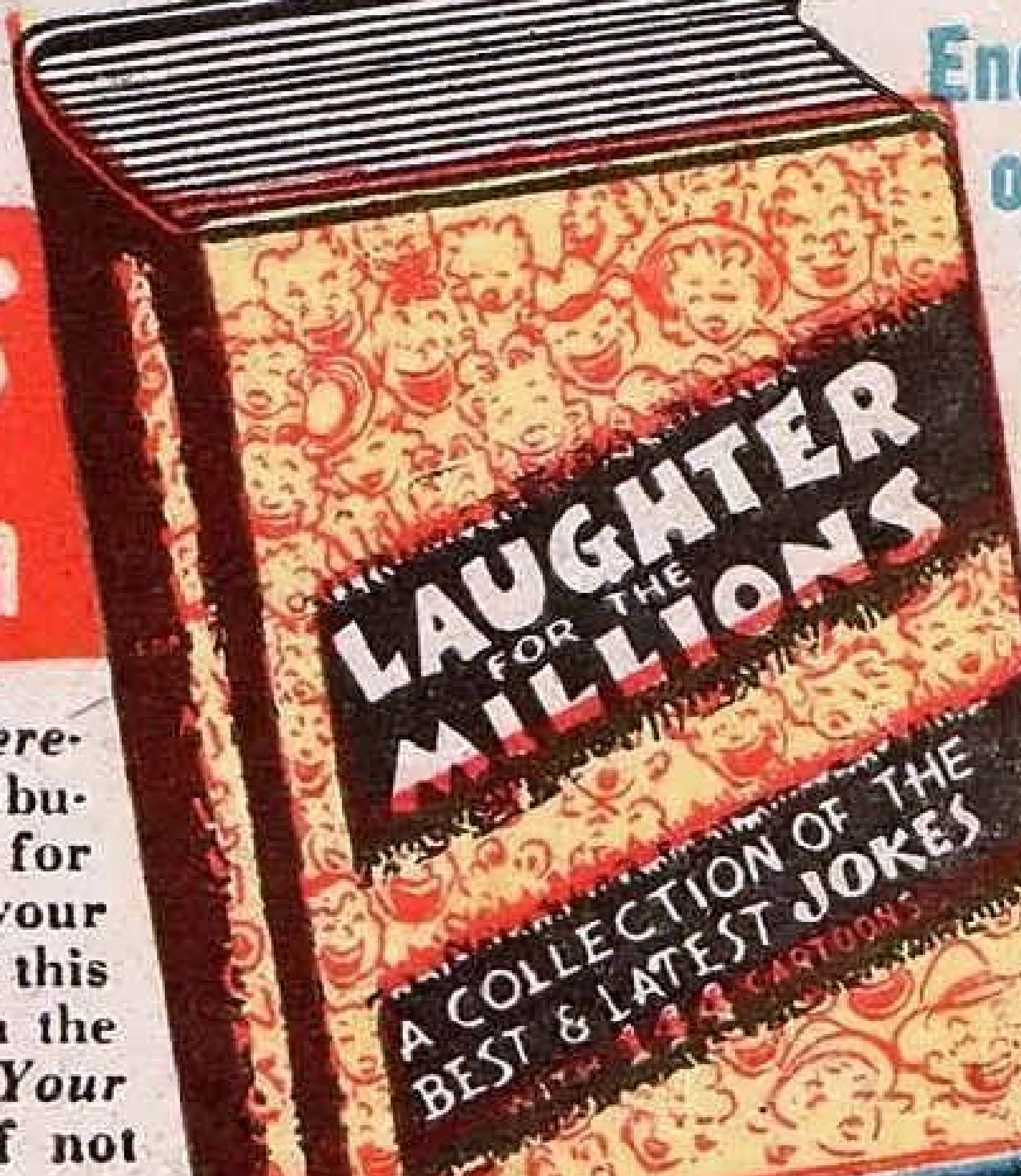
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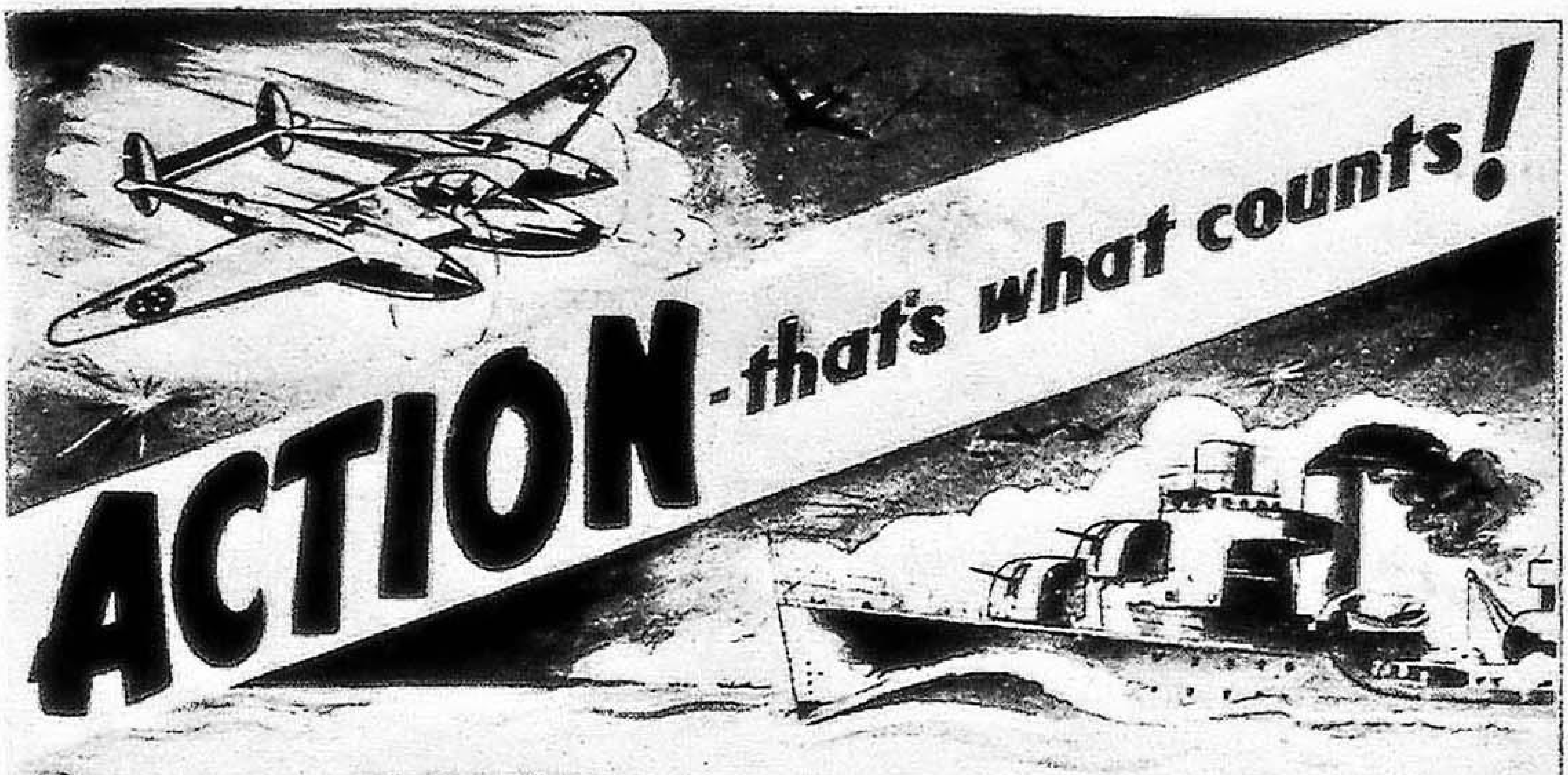
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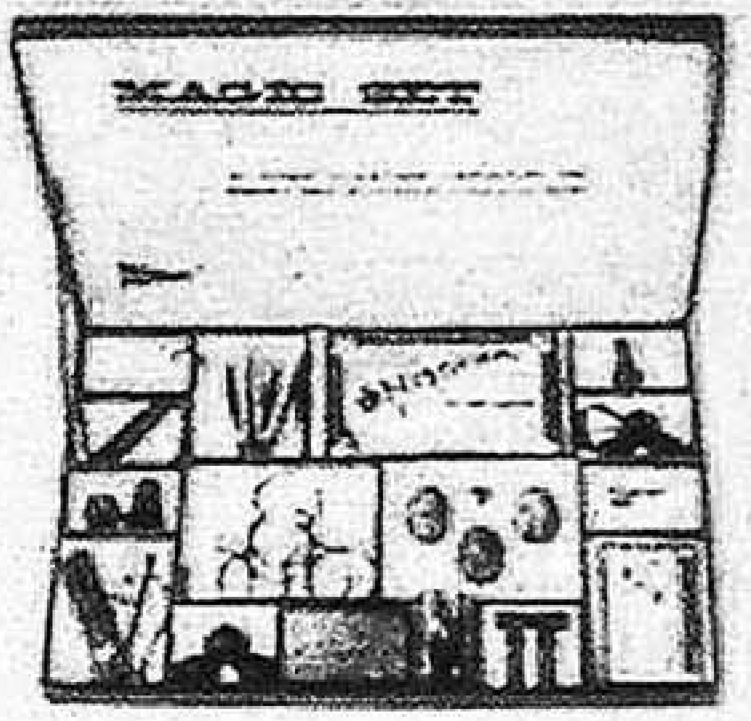

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You'll be thrilled when you see my PRIZE BOOK. It's jam-packed with the things you have always wanted. Just think! You will have an opportunity to earn MONEY and PRIZES. How would you like to build a model of the world's most famous Blitz Buggy—the Jeep? You can. The kit is complete in every detail and it's a honey. Then there's the G-Man fingerprint set which is the real McCoy, and lots of other games. If you go in for sports you'll get a real thrill when you put your toe to the genuine pebble-grain leather football shown here. You can pick your own prizes—a wrist watch, athletic equipment, camping and fishing equipment. If you're looking for SPENDING MONEY, for PRIZES, for FUN and ACTION, here's the chance of a lifetime!

Here's How to Get Action

Fill out the coupon and mail to me on a penny post card. It's as easy as that! This is the first step to start you on the road to a bank account and all the prizes you want to earn. All you have to do is deliver Collier's, The National Weekly, to customers whom you obtain in your own neighborhood. It will not interfere with school or other activities. Be the first among your buddies to get into ACTION.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. 6
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: I want action! Start me earning MONEY and PRIZES right away.

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ENERGY

TO STRIKE FAST!

SPEEDY Torpedo Boats of the U.S. Navy are writing daring, dangerous deeds into our country's history. With deadly driving power, these little "tag and run" speedsters strike an enemy ship fast... get away with remarkable maneuverability. Their motor-fuel must produce energy at top speed.

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If you cannot find BABY RUTH *on the candy counter one day, try again the next. Naturally, Uncle Sam's needs come first with us as with you.*